

THE SATURDAY

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EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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ALICE CARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As one, with light unconscious hand,
Half makes imperial melody—
Slow pacing over golden sand,
Beside a summer sea—

Sweet poet! of all pleasant things
O'erflowed with odor, thou dost bring
Bright memory—writ in starry rhymes,
And musical as spring.

The wild March wind—the dainty blush
Of April day-breaks—and the fall
Of May—roses—and June roses, lush,
Climbing the cabin wall—

The soft, dim whispering, under eaves
Of July splendor—and the boughs
Of August, leaning full of leaves
Over red autumn's brow—

Burst into blossom in thy lay,
And crown thee queen of such delights
As soothed white-browed Idalia,
Troubling Thessalian nights

With shafts of love song, silver-tipped,
And winged from nooks of spice and bloom,
Where sweet Scamander honey-tipped,
Sobbed through the purple gloom.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Pleasant Grove, Pa.

Original Novelet.

TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WILLIAM HOWITT,

AUTHOR OF "RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND,"

"HOMES OF THE POETS," &c.

CHAPTER III.

NEIGHBORS.

Notwithstanding the generally auspicious appearance of things on the station at Tallengetta, yet as things are never wholly right anywhere in this world, so neither were they there.

Peggy Wilks and her husband had discovered a great deal more than they had rational reason to expect in their new world. They had not only a comfortable hut and plenty to do, and good pay, but they had immediate neighbors, and from their own neighborhood in England, The Barkes and the Purdeys knew all and everything and person that they knew at home, and often they spent very delightful hours talking over all those old familiar matters. In an evening when all work was done, and the cool night air made a little fire pleasant, they would assemble in each other's huts, and have a most refreshing gossip.

There was nothing that could be started that Purdy, in particular, did not know everything, and more than that about it. Mention a man, no matter who—Oh, yes, he knew him, who his father was, his mother, his grandmother; how he came to be lame, how he jumped into his present berth. Name a place, and at once he knew all about the squire, and the rector, and how he came to get the living by taking the fancy of a certain lady at Bath, and all about the duel in which there was trickery in the weapons, and, of course, murder, nothing else. He knew where that child was born, that certain people declared never was born; where it was carried to in a butter-mound, and who it was now, though that child that ought to have been a duke, knew nothing of this, and was only a coal merchant. Peggy Wilks and Hannah Barks had no lack of such stories at the end, and no sooner was this end out, than Purdy would seize it, and pull it out like a man at a fair pulling out whole yards of ribbons from his throat, and would illustrate and verify every point of it.

Could there be any more charming luck than to have dropped into such a congenial society, and to enjoy such precious "evenings at home?"

Yet Peggy Wilks was not contented. She was an odd woman, was Peggy. She liked to grumble, she could not live without it, and yet she hated to hear anybody else grumble.

That she was the thankful folks worshipping "gratitude" she was sure to say, if they were grumbling at anything. "Haven't they enough to be thankful for? Isn't it a shame now to hear them grumble on so, and so much as they've had done for them? But there's no thanks nor gratitude in this world. The more a body does, the more they're pecked at. I hate your black-hearted, double-faced, uncontented gentry, I do."

Yet Peggy was not altogether contented herself. She had plenty, "thank the Lord for it." She had health—"thank goodness for that too." Abner had lost his rheumatism, "saints be praised,"—and had "an uncommon fine garden to rule in,"—and as for the family, Peggy would have really gone through fire and water for them all. But yet, she liked to grumble now and then, even at them—herself, mind,—no body else was to do it, at the peril of her fierce anger. But the things which chafed Peggy here were the heat and the "varmint."

"Dra these flies!" she would say as Abner came in to him to his dinner. "I think I'll en gine up cooking, and you may bring in raw lettuce and lettuce to our bread. What with the heat, one might just as well live in an oven; and what with these millions of outrageousest flies, I tell thee what, Abner, my life's a plague to me. There's the mutton that was killed just an hour ago! It's full of maggots half an inch long, it swarms wi' 'em."

"Just scrape them off," said Abner,—"and pop the steaks into the frying pan."

"Ay, just and just, man, that is soon said, but just you now try it yourself, and see how you'll hold the pan and fry, twenty thousand flies a starting at your eyes, nose and mouth at once, and never a hand at liberty to fight with 'em."

"But I never do fight 'em," said Abner.

"Oh, laws no! that's true," retorted Peggy; "won't let them crawl all over your face, and fill

your very eye-holes till they are black as my shoe, with the creeping, crawling varmint,—ugh! it makes my flesh creep to see it."

"But my flesh doesn't creep," said Abner.

"No, it only should," exclaimed Peggy indignantly; "but you're no more feeling in your skin than a rhinoceros: your skin is just like leather—stringy-bark is more of a skin by half. I wouldn't own such a skin, I wouldn't. But to-day I've done nothing but get tangled (stung) with these nasty pismires, as is a crawling over every manner of thing. Sets my basket on the grass,—jump! comes something, and tang! goes something into my hand, just like a needle. Leans my hand in my fright against a tree, tang! goes another villain in my neck. Shakes my neckhandkerchief, and Lord above us! jumps half a score of the nasty, stinging wretches down my back. Runs in to pull off my clothes, the little devils tangle and tormenting all the way, and just as I sits down to on the bed, there I sees a huge scorpion curled up with all its legs in my best cap. Out I throws him into the garden, and runs out to stamp on him, and then he isn't to be found, the filthy reptile, but I potters amongst the wood heap, and stow of him nearly sets my thumb on a horrid scorpion! Sky above us! who's safe here for a blessed minute?"

"Why you, Peggy," said Abner, smiling. "You're safe enough yet."

"Safe enough, am I? And that's all you care for a good wife like me, is it? But you mayn't just have me one of these days. Safe, indeed! that's because you don't know nothing about it. Safe, am I? And you'd ha' said so, wouldn't you, if you had been down at the creek when I went for a bucket of water to-day. Sets down my bucket, and is just going to swing into the water by the rope, and flap goes something into the water, and what was it? Just a great ugly, deadly omfubulous, venomous snake, as black as black could be, and about a yard long. My heart jumped into my mouth, and I should have given such a screech, but I lost my voice, and I was just tumbling into the water in my start, only my fright made me turn and run. Let the monster have just bitten me, as was a narrow miss, and then I should have been safe enough, you may take my word for it."

This was at noon. At evening, when Abner came in, he found Peggy cleaned up, and with her bestmost gown on, as she called it, and sitting at the tea-table waiting for him.

"All safe, yet, Peggy?" asked Abner, rather daintily. "No more flies, ants, snakes, or triantelopes?"

"Get your tea, man," said Peggy, "and be thankful that nothing hurts you, only that you don't know summer from winter, nor spring from autumn. It's a pretty country where they call December June, and June December."

"But they don't," said Abner.

"Don't they?" said Peggy. "Then why do you set your potatoes in September, and gather your gooseberries in January? I thought you were cracking your poor skull to know one time from another, and thought that the months had all run backwards, and that your north aspect for sun and your south aspect for shade rather bothered you."

"Well, they did," said Abner; "but I've found a remedy for that. I've just altered all the names in my 'Gardener's Calendar,' with a pen, and written June for December, and April for October, and so on, and all comes as clear as a post after a pea-blossom. I never stop to think about it now; autumn's autumn, and spring's spring again, as I've written it."

"Well, then, as you're so sharp," said Peggy, "I wish you'd just turn the world round, as you've turned the seasons, and set us down at Thurmond again, out of reach of these flies and sentrypees. I wonder what we must be doing to come to such a country as this, just to please a parcel of broken-down gentry?"

"Broken-down gentry!" said Abner; "pray, who may they be? I've followed none, though I would have done it, had it been so. But you don't call Sir Thomas a broken-down gentleman, I hope? You don't call an estate like this a broken-down man's estate, I hope?"

"Who are you setting up, you simpleton? Who are you Sir Thomasing? I don't know any such man; and if these here ain't broken-down gentry, who is? If they ain't, man, where is Thurmond Hall and Heathercott Hall? And what's that Sir Patrick doing there, as grand as any lord? More fools we for coming all this way after nothing but flies and omfubulous water-snakes."

Abner sat down to his tea; stirred his cup with a very upright spoon, which seemed to grind surlily against the bottom, and was silent as if in anger. But he knew his cue, and, all at once, taking a large slice of brown bread and butter, and doubling it up, he said:

"Well, Peggy, it is a pity we're come, just as you say, to please a parcel of broken-down gentry; but I thought nothing would stop you, as I could have stayed well enough. Sir Patrick offered me high wages."

Peggy looked fire and daggers.

"And you'd have been mean enough to have taken the dirty money of that dirty, designing, thieving body, that has dropped himself like a cuckoo into another's nest? Well, that becomes you now, it does, but," added Peggy, getting redder and redder, "I'd ha' cut my hand off first, before I'd ha' moved a knuckle bone for such a wretch!—an upstart! a base impostor! a —"

"Gentleman of property, however," said Abner, taking another slice of bread and butter, "and not a broken-down gentry."

"Who are you calling broken-down gentry?" said Peggy, firing up more fiercely.

"Who?" said Abner, "why the same that you called so?"

"Well, and if I called them so, have not I a right to call them so? I saw who was married, and nursed the children, and the blessed boy that died; and helped to cheer them up when they were in trouble. I've a right, if anybody has. I should think so—and when I say it, I don't mean it, it's only because I feel savage inwardly, must say something; and when I know that I mean no harm, why there's no harm in it. But, as to you, Abner—oh, don't lie on you, to foul your lips with such words! I'd rather sew them up, I would."

Abner gravely said he gave in, as he had done scores of times before, and said Peggy was quite right; he admired her spirit; and all the time he laughed in his sleeve, and enjoyed the fun.

Up at the house, just as this dialogue took place, Mr. Fitzpatrick, after a long, solitary ride over the plains, threw himself on the sofa, and said:

"After all, this is rather a slow affair, this bush life. If we had a pleasant neighbor or two, to exchange a word with, now and then, we might do."

"Neighbors?" said Aunt Judith, "but where are we to look for them?"

"Well," said Charles, "I have made out that we have no less than four families of neighbors within a circle of fifteen or twenty miles. There are the Metcalfe on the Campaspe, and the Quarriers on the Goulburn; Captain Ponceford, just below here."

"Just below!" said Georgina, laughing; "five miles off."

"Yes, just below, Gremby," continued Charles; "and there is Dr. Woolstan, at Mount Corbala, over the hills there."

"What is he a medical man?" asked Aunt Judith. "That is good hearing, if he be a clever man."

"A very clever man, they tell me," said Charles, and only seventeen miles off."

"For our comfort!" said Mr. Fitzpatrick, laughing. "We need not be dead above once or twice over before we could have him, if he did not happen to be making a medical visit away on the Billibong, or the Yanko over the Murray, some hundred or two miles in the other direction."

All laughed, and yet said it was no laughing matter; and from that day, for a month, the whole place was astir with sheep-washing, shearing and packing of wool. The gentlemen were as busy and as interested in it as if it were the most delightful occupation in the world; and no more was thought of want of company. Then, one day, at noon, as they were just getting their dinner, they saw a stoutish man, with a full, ruddy face, ride up at a brisk rate into the court, and presently he was announced as Mr. Quarrier.

Without waiting to be invited the squatter walked in with as brisk a pace as he had ridden up, and, with a face full of smiles, he passed from one to another in a quick, familiar style, shook both ladies and gentlemen heartily by the hand; bade them welcome to the bush; apologized for not being able to call before; but pleaded business, and said he supposed they had found that there was no great ceremony used in the bush; that he hoped that they would not be long before they discovered much warm-heartedness.

Scarcely waiting for invitation, he seated himself at table, and fell into the use of his knife and fork as naturally as possible; congratulated the ladies on their fine situation, only feared it a bore to get water up from the lake so far; congratulated Mr. Fitzpatrick on the good clip and good price of wool; hoped they had not much grass-seed in their fleeces; said he heard that there was catarrh on the Upper Goulburn, and then, turning suddenly to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, said Mrs. Quarrier, and his mother, and the girls meant to drive over and see them soon; pulled out his watch just as the clock was drawn; said he would just take a cigar and a toddy while his horse ate a little corn, and would be off, for he meant to be at home by daylight.

With that he jumped up, and went out to see his horse; came in, and sat with Mr. Fitzpatrick and Charles as he smoked his cigar; talked at a wonderful rate of the colony, the squating interests, the abominable attempts of certain radicals in Melbourne to invade their rights; drew out a long printed memorial, that he had sent to the Home Government on the subject; hoped Mr. Fitzpatrick would stand up for the poor squatters and the great wool trade, and then, hurrying to say good-bye to the ladies, was seen cantering off down the very steepest part of the hill, splashing through the water of the creek, stopping a moment to shake hands with Mr. Rannock, the overseer, at the door of his hut, and then off again at full speed through the woods.

"Do you call that a squatter?" said Aunt Judith, with a droll expression of countenance, as they saw Mr. Quarrier vanish into the bush. "I should call him a rasher. I feel exactly as if a whirlwind or a torrent had gone through the house, don't you? Are those your squatters, your quiet men of the woods, whose name gives you an idea of people sitting in profoundest composure like hares on their forms, or Ozymandias in the desert? Why, they are all mercury and locomotion! What in the world can have made them so rapid, so fierce, so flagrant, and full of bustle? Bless me! it upsets all my notions. I expected nothing in a hurry but a frightened kangaroo, or a bush-fire."

"But, Judy, you are judging a whole race by the very first specimen," said Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"So you are, Judy," said Charles. "Neither Weir nor Waltherpe are at all like this Mr. Quarrier."

"Why, who are they? Who are Weir and Waltherpe, Demby?" asked all the family at once.

"They are the overseers of Captain Ponceford," said Charles. "I met them down the creek, the other day, and two very nice young fellows they seemed."

"There, now!" said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "how these young fellows do find one another out! But who come here?"

A lady and gentleman rode at the same moment into the court. They were young, and in dress and bearing would not have been distinguished from any of the aristocratic class of England.

"Captain and Mrs. Ponceford!" said the servant.

The person announced entered. The captain was a tall, thin, gentlemanly-looking man, with a moustache, and wearing a riding-suit of gray merino. There was a quiet seriousness in his manner, accompanied by an expression which evinced good sense and a kindly disposition. Mrs. Ponceford was also tall, and remarkably handsome, both in figure and face. All thought that in her riding dress they had never seen a

more graceful woman; but it was the cordial, happy, frank expression of her face, that drew and wholly engrossed the attention of spectators.

So much did the couple win upon their hosts during the frank and piquant conversation which followed their entrance, that, when they at length took their leave, though it was getting towards evening, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and Charles and Georgina could not resist the pleasure of riding some distance with them.

The sun was sinking over the vast woods; and as they rode on, captain and Mrs. Ponceford pointed out the most striking ranges of mountains, and named them, including the Buffalo Mountains, the Plenty Ranges, Mount Alexander, and Korong, afterwards so famous for their gold. The whole family of Tallengetta were delighted at the discovery of such neighbors, luckily, by far their nearest ones, and all fear of solitude fled away.

In a few days a couple of rather tall but very shy youths made their appearance at David Rannock's, and said they wanted him to go with them up to the grand house, as they called it, for their father and mother were coming to spend the night there, and they had sent them on before, to become acquainted with the young people of the family. They were Bell and Brady Metcalfe. It was in vain that Mr. Rannock told them that they needed no introduction from him; they would be made heartily welcome. They only blushed, shrugged their shoulders, said they knew the new comers were very fine folks, and showed no disposition to move. So David at length walked up with them.

The two blushing youths, looking very big and very awkward in their fresh costume of jack-boots, and short, coarse coats, with metal buttons, bowed stiffly to all round, seated themselves on chairs, near the door, and smiled, and said yes and no, in reply to the words addressed them, but appeared very little at their ease, and did not get out of a very uncomfortable silence, only blushing and smiling whenever they were addressed afresh. Charles, who perceived their embarrassment, said he would like to show them about the garden, and once out of the room, they regained their nerves and faculties, and said their father and mother were coming, and asked Charles how he liked the bush; and very soon were in full and eloquent talk of great cod-swans in the Campaspe, and shooting of black swans and wild turkeys, and kangaroo hunting. They wonderfully admired the two kangaroo hounds at the huts, and invited Charles to come and spend a fortnight with them.

Charles soon saw that they were two very good-natured fellows, and deep in all the mysteries of the bush, but totally unused to any society more distinguished than that of the squatters around them. They told him they were born in the bush, had had wonderful adventures in taking and fetching cattle from distant parts of the country, had only been to school a short time at Melbourne, for they hated the town, and soon came back. That they had had a tutor up there to read with them, but instead of teaching them anything, they had taught him all sorts of things belonging to bush life, and that he had become desperately in love with it, and was now gone to the Edward's River, as an overseer.

"Ah! you'll like it, Mr. Fitzpatrick," they said, "you'll soon like it better than anything else. You'll never want to go into those dry brick towns, to be cooped up like rabbits in a hutch."

"Ah," said Bell, "that's the life! to be up in the morning when the sun just reddens the tree-tops, as if they were all roses and gold; get your breakfast, catch your horse, and away through the woods, the dews glittering, the peppermint trees scenting all the air; the crows warbling, the jackasses laughing, the wattle-birds crying 'Tackamahoe!' on the honey-meat trees, and the kangaroo-rats, bounding off right and left, as if their legs were of whalebone. Isn't that jolly! Away you go, through miles of woods, down deep valleys, up great hills, dashing through the deep rivers. My word, though, but I had a swim for it, across the Goulburn, the other day, where it is twenty fathom deep, and the stream was rushing round a headland like mad. But bonny Bess did it bravely. The blacks are coming here in a week or two from the Goulburn and the Campaspe, and all about. They'll play old Harry with the game, I can tell you, but it is best to be civil to them. You've noticed their ovens all about here, haven't you?"

"No, what are they?" asked Charles.

"Why, great mounds of wood-cinders, charcoal, in fact."

"Oh! yes, yes," said Charles. "I have often wondered what they were. They look like Druidical barrows at home."

"They are where the tribes used to congregate and make their common fires, and cook all their victuals while they stayed. They never stay long in one place, for they soon eat up all the fish and game. But here they used to be very numerous, and this part of the country is famous for game, and so you find hundreds of these old charcoal mounds, or ovens. It's very odd you don't find them anywhere else for hundreds of miles round, and the natives here now all cook at their separate family fires."

While talking thus they saw two gigs driving up the hill, and the speaker, pausing, said, "There comes the Governor."

"What Governor?" asked Charles.

"Oh, our Governor, our worthy daddy," said Bell, "and mother, and I declare! there comes the doctor and Mrs. Woolstan."

The youths all hurried to receive the approaching guests, and the station of Tallengetta bade fair to lack no company for the night. We must, however, introduce our new acquaintances in a new chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WONDERFUL EVENING.

When our new guests were duly introduced, and had taken their places at the tea table, which was just prepared for that agreeable reason, they presented as remarkable a variety as you could easily meet with in a far more populous region. Mr. Metcalfe was a quiet-looking, thin Scotchman, with sharp, well-defined features, and hair

of grizzled black and gray. He was a man who had had great reverses and troubles in his time, which had given him a still and subdued manner, but had neither been able to acidify his temper, nor to prevent him recovering his social position and a good property. You were surprised when you came to converse with him, to find what a superior taste and an amount of general knowledge he possessed, more than you would expect in the bush, and in a man who had had to struggle his way up against adverse circumstances. But he had a great knowledge of books, and managed to keep up an acquaintance with what was going on in Europe and in literature in a remarkable degree.

Mrs. Metcalfe was a large woman, of a full and fresh-looking person, and with a countenance of much gravity and dignity, displaying unquestionable evidences of beauty not yet past, and of strong sense never more present. She was what is called a very commanding and imposing lady, and yet never was there a woman less disposed to command or to impose in any sense. Nature did that for her, and for herself she was a truly kind-hearted woman of the strongest sympathies, but having a high sense of the proprieties and moralities of life. The world gave her credit for having furnished the sagacity and spirit which reconstructed their fortunes, but she never on any occasion gave the least warrant to this opinion, but invariably spoke of Mr. Metcalfe's plans and exertions and self-merited success. On all occasions she sought her husband's views, and deferred to them before company in the most natural manner, which did not, however, convince those very penetrating people, who can see all the way through a mill-stone, and who let it be understood that it was all very well, but did not deceive them; that it was quite right of Mrs. Metcalfe, and quite according with her depth of character, to maintain the honor of her husband. One thing, however, was certain, there was no happier or more estimable couple in the colony. They were famed for their hospitality—Mr. Metcalfe for being ready to aid the views of his neighbors in any possible way, and Mrs. Metcalfe for her tenderness in cases of illness or trouble, and for her intense love of her flower-garden.

Dr. and Mrs. Woolstan were a very different pair. The doctor was a leanish, tallish man, with an aquiline nose of considerable dimensions; a look of great simplicity and friendship, and a voice at once homely and rather dialectic. But there was that about him which very soon pronounced him to be no ordinary character. The first thing which struck you in his conversation, was a certain old-fashionedness. His words and tone carried you back to past days and country places, but this was very soon forgotten in the subjects which he was sure to bring into play. You were pleased with the delight with which he discoursed on the country; you were surprised at the feeling of poetry which flowed in his conversation; you were drawn by a primitiveness of faith and sentiment mingled with a degree of real science, which revealed themselves as he went on, and very soon you found him leading you forward to the discussion of social or intellectual questions which were bound up with the progress of society and the profoundest interests of spiritual life.

The doctor was a great mesmerist, and surprised the Tallengetta family by the most entire belief in the mesmeric phenomena, for they had always entertained the settled idea that all this was sheer humbug, and its advocates either dupes or charlatans. They were, therefore, astonished to see a medical man of mature years and great experience, so coolly confessing to his faith in it. But he told them that he was open to conviction, as it was only by such a disposition that science and philosophy had been enabled to triumph over ignorance and its shadow, prejudice, and to place us where we are.

But Mrs. Woolstan went further. Both she and the doctor were born and educated in the Society of Friends. She was a mild, gentle-looking woman, very like a Friend still, of a placid and fair countenance, and very quiet in her manner, and she avowed a belief in spiritual agencies with a calm frankness which amazed the Fitzpatricks.

"Why, surely," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "you don't believe in being able to communicate with spirits, while we are in the body?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Woolstan, "our friends here doubt of spiritual communications, would you object to endeavor to satisfy them?"

"By no means," replied the doctor, as speaking of a matter of course; "but first I had better show them a few physical experiments, which may demonstrate that there are powers in nature too wonderful for belief, if they were not actually seen."

"Is this not going too far," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, very seriously—"is it not meddling with things better left alone?"

"The moment you think so, I will desist," said the doctor; "and what I shall show you, are mere elementary facts, the merest commonplaces now in European circles. Come here, Bell, my boy," he said, addressing Bell Metcalfe, "let us see whether you or Mr. Fitzpatrick are the stronger."

Bell looked sheepish, and hung back; he was unwilling, from mere shyness, to exhibit himself before these superior strangers; but the doctor advanced to him, and seizing him by the arm, drew him into the middle of the room—the servant having just taken away the tea.

"Now," said the doctor, "you, Mr. Fitzpatrick, should be immensely stronger than this youth. You are twice his size; you are strongly knit, and your whole frame is solidified by mature years. Bell is slender, not yet fully grown, and, therefore, rather loosely hung; yet I will venture to say that he shall overcome all your strength in the trial which I will institute."

"If he does," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, with an expression of self-confidence, "I will admit it to be most wonderful."

"Place your left hand, then, behind his shoulder, and take his hand in your right. Hold his arm at full length, thus; and now see whether, you resisting his efforts, he can, in his position, bend his arm forward."

"That will very soon be settled, I think," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, holding Bell as desired, and the young man making the most determined efforts possible, but being totally unable to bend his arm in the least.

"As I said, doctor," observed Mr. Fitzpatrick, "that is very soon settled, smiling in triumph, 'your strapping has overcome me, as you promised.'"

"You are quite satisfied of that?" remarked the doctor.

"Why, every one must be satisfied of it," added Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"Now, then," said the doctor, making some passes down the front of Bell's arm, which Mr. Fitzpatrick continued to hold off as in a vice, "try all your strength, sir, to keep his arm straight."

Mr. Fitzpatrick felt some power now in Bell's arm, which evidently astonished him. His face flushed; he put forth all his strength, but Bell bent his arm forward with the utmost apparent ease till his fingers touched his coat. Mr. Fitzpatrick stood astonished; and the astonishment was universal in the members of his family.

"That is the most surprising thing," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "that I ever saw in the whole course of my life. That is wonderful; how can it be done?"

"Simply by that power," said the doctor, "of which we yet know only a little, but that one fact should prove to you that there is no deception in it."

"Deception!" cried Mr. Fitzpatrick, "how can there be deception? How can this boy overpower all my force under one circumstance and not under another?"

"Under precisely the same circumstances," added the doctor, "except in the addition of the mesmeric force in the second experiment. But, indeed, it is an experiment now regarded as almost threadbare, and you might try it between any parties that you pleased; between a giant and a dwarf; a giant and this slender maiden, your daughter."

The whole Tallengetta family were extremely excited by what they had, for the first time, seen. At supper the doctor sat by Aunt Judith, who said, from what she had seen, she felt greatly tempted to ask the doctor after supper to try whether he could communicate with the spirit of a deceased friend. The doctor promised, and on the return to the drawing-room, a circle was formed at a round-table in which Aunt Judith, Charles, and Georgina took part. Very soon there was "evidence of some spirit being present," and the doctor requested it to spell its name. All now seemed to await with a breathless awe the result of this experiment. It stood thus written on paper by Charles at the request of the doctor as the letters were indicated—HORACE FITZPATRICK!

"Horace! my brother Horace!" exclaimed Mr. Fitzpatrick. "What do you know of him? Who told you of him?"

"I know nothing," replied the doctor calmly. "I have never heard of him—I only know what he pleases to tell me. Shall I go on?"

The doctor went on, and soon there stood written out by Charles at the dictation of the spirit—
"The old enemy is still at work—his spies have followed you—be on your guard."

CHAPTER V.

THE BAD YEAR.

After the remarkable evening narrated in the last chapter, there was a great exchange of visits with these new neighbors and the Poncefords; and fresh characters appeared upon the scene. There were Mrs. Quarrier, with her mother-in-law and three or four daughters. Mrs. Quarrier was a remarkably fine woman, who, though she was born in the colonies, and had never quitted them, had all the quiet grace and tact of a lady accustomed to good society, and her kindness of heart justified all that had been said of her. The girls were splendid specimens of Australian beauty, but the character was Mrs. Quarrier, Sen. The old lady was to the Fitzpatricks a curious study. She was not less than seventy, yet she seemed to possess energies for half a century to come. Captain Ponceford called her the galvanic battery. She was a most original and independent woman. All her ideas of all sorts of government were of the freest kind. She hated what she called domination and humbug. She was for all the rights of the human race. Certainly the bush was the place for her, and she was so enthusiastic an admirer of nature, that she was ready any time still to climb a mountain with her long staff in her hand, or to wade a stream.

"Give me," she often said, "a Bible and a Shakespeare, and I can live in a desert, and all the better because I should not be bored with those good natured people who are always wanting to squeeze you into their own mould for your salvation."

And in truth, Mrs. Quarrier, Sen., had made good use of her energies. Through them her daughters were married to the chief men in the colony, and her son was one of the most affluent of its squatter lords. The best of it was that Mrs. Quarrier was as enthusiastic in conferring kindnesses as she was in asserting her independence; and all the colony acknowledged her wonderful facility of seeing things a long way off.

"That is," she said, "because I look well at the things that are near," and she gave a striking proof of the spot.

"You are new here," said the lively old lady, as they were at breakfast the morning after her arrival at Tallengetta, "and you cannot, therefore, judge of what is coming by what is past. But let me tell you one thing. I believe we are going to have one of the terribly dry seasons which occur every now and then. There are crises in this country of drought and floods, which can only be conceived by those who have witnessed them. Traces of the drought in such years vanish with the season, except in the evidence of the burnt trees, but those of the floods you must have already observed in the neighborhood of the rivers and creeks. After the drought generally come the floods, and now for the drought. The season, so far, reminds me of those pre-eminently dry and consuming summers, which are the direct calamities of this colony. It is now February, and the country is just one sheet of tinder. The rivers are low; the creeks are dry, or but a mere thing of water-holes; and many a plentiful pool is now a basin baked as hard as a dish. The sound of the frog has given way to the grasshopper. The grass is drier than hay; the leaves on the trees you may crumble to powder between your fingers, and there lacks but a hot wind and the whole country may be in flame."

Her hearers were greatly alarmed, and asked what they must do to avoid the threatened dangers.

"First," said the practical old lady, "clear a space all round your huts by burning the grass when the wind is still, or so gentle that you can command the flame, and beat it out at will with a few bushes. Then have a place of retreat for yourself and the cattle—then your buildings and racks are safe. Do the same at all your out-stations, where your sheep camp at night, and let the camping places be quite away from trees. You are admirably off on this station, for you have moorlands, those low lands on the level of the rivers which are overflowed in flood times. They are now grassy and green on your run by the Goulburn. Let your cattle be herded down near these, and your flocks too as much as possible, that in case of fire they may flee thither, and find both safety and food. In every quarter of your run keep these things in view, that your sheep and stock may not be taken by surprise, for when the wind comes it comes in a moment, and the fire travels with it more fleetly than the fleetest race horse."

Scarcely had the old lady left the place when all her words were verified. Mr. Fitzpatrick, as he bade the Quarriers good-bye, hastened down to the huts, and asked the overseer what he thought of Mrs. Quarrier's prediction.

"If she has said it," replied David Rannock, "evidently much impressed by the intelligence, 'it will be so. I would not lose a moment. In truth, the drought is ominous of the greatest peril.'"

"Then away!" exclaimed Mr. Fitzpatrick. The overseer mounted his horse, and galloped off. Barks, Pardy, the cook were sent in like speed to different deep runs. Mr. Fitzpatrick and Charles galloped away in other directions; and the event showed that they had not a moment too much. Bush fires broke forth in all directions. They saw from their own windows those glorious prairies swept by a flame which went like intensest lightning across them, and changed their billowy gold into one black, smoking expanse. It was not without the most extraordinary exertions that their shepherds were able, from the more distant tracts of the run, to reach the spots of safety which Mrs. Quarrier had mentioned. The cattle on the hills, at sight of the flames below, appeared to take the way towards the Goulburn as if by instinct, and were, therefore, driven with greater ease towards the swamps and moorlands on its banks by the stockmen and David Rannock.

Soon there came the most awful tidings of the unexampled devastations of the fires extending over a large portion of the colony; of grass, corn, cattle, sheep and people destroyed in fearful numbers. Never had so terrible a calamity fallen on the country since the white men knew it. Our friends at Tallengetta had been soliciting themselves on the abundance of their crops, and the splendid appearance of the fruit fast ripening in vineyard and orchard. It was a scene of affluence and beauty in peaches, grapes, figs, melons, and the like, such as previously they had no conception of. In one day the greater portion of this glorious promise was destroyed. The wind came like the breath of a furnace seven times heated, and the corn was found to be charred in the ear. The leaves of the fruit trees shrivelled up as in actual contact with fire, and the fruit was withered, shrunk, and perished, as it were, on the trees, and vast quantities of it soon began to fall to the ground and perish.

It was a woful and melancholy spectacle. A heavy sense of calamity fell on the minds of every one. Peggy Wilks was particularly eloquent on the madness of coming to such a country as this. It would have saved them all the trouble, she

said, if they had gone and jumped into the nearest red hot lime kiln at home, or into the furnace at Battery Works. Every one went about silent, awe-struck and dejected.

But our friends had escaped far better than many of their neighbors—thanks to the foresight of Mrs. Quarrier. The Poncefords had every quarter of their station, which lay altogether on the plains, ravaged by the fire; and were compelled to cut down the shock and wattle trees wherever they could, to keep their flocks and cattle alive. It was beautiful to see how well they bore it. Captain Ponceford was out all day long hunting, and himself helping to cut down trees. His hands were blistered by wielding the axe; and though the heat was still intense, he rode here and there, and continued to wield the axe with all his vigor to supply the necessary support for his stock. Mrs. Ponceford crept tears for the sufferings of the poor dumb creatures dependent upon them, and for those of their fellow men which were continually coming to their ears, but she shed none for their own losses. She was on horseback many hours in each day searching the woods for suitable trees to fell, and during the rest was as busy seeing that the shepherds were supplied with the necessary rations under the extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Fitzpatrick gave them leave to sell a vast number of shocks on his station, especially in the hills above, and thousands of beautiful trees were laid prostrate, which sight at any other time he would have witnessed with the profoundest regret.

The Woolstons at Corbally, though farther from the river, had escaped wonderfully. They lay high, and though the wind had driven the flames up to the tops of the loftiest hills in many parts of the country, it had not been able to reach them. They declared that they had had a strong impression upon them that some great calamity was at hand. The drought suggested very naturally fire and death. They had, therefore, burnt the places at the foot of the hills where the fire could find access to them, and had just completed their arrangements when the conflagration came. Their stock was somewhat pinched for pasture, but not in any alarming degree; and they were able to think and act for their neighbors.

Dr. Woolstan rode over to Tallengetta, and finding all safe there, returned and took the way to the Metcalfes at Moolap on the Campaspe. Nothing had been heard of them, but being on the banks of a never-failing stream, less anxiety was felt on their account. The worthy doctor rode along through forests that had been swept by the flames, and were black, desolate and appalling. He rode on again over low grounds which had escaped, and through some pleasant ranges where, though the intense drought had scorched the grass into the crispest hay, the fires had not reached. His mind was greatly relieved, and he was even singing aloud a favorite thanksgiving hymn, when, as he said, on passing over a certain ridge, a heavy cloud fell upon his spirits. A heavy, black cloud settled also on his brain, and a confused sense of evil bewildered and confounded him. It was as if tons of distress, as he expressed it, had fallen on him. He sat on his horse, which of its own will stood still, like a statue, like a stone. For a time all thought was annihilated in him. His soul was paralyzed, yet there lay in it a deep, dark sense of a strange and immense woe. He felt as if he were really in the land of the shadow of death. When his mind began to recover from this vague sense of evil, this stupor of affliction, he felt himself relieved in some degree by a deep sigh, and he looked round for any object or image which might have thus afflicted his spirit. There was nothing of that kind. The afternoon sun lay with a beautiful golden calm, on the slope of the hills around him; the grass was sere but bent in the light breeze with a soothing whisper. The very trees which time had prostrated around him, lay in a certain beauty of their own, a picturesque and deep tranquillity. He saw a small herd of kangaroos on the slope, which stood up and listened, but did not take to flight—and the blue mountain parrots in the tree-tops, glanced their gorgeous plumage in the sun, and uttered their peculiar soft and melodious notes. It was a picture of nature's sweetest beauty and repose. He looked onward, and all wore the same tranquil smile. He could see the broad valley of the Campaspe unobscured by fire; and in the distance the rising smoke of the station of Moolap. But the cloud within would not disperse. There was a cry on his brain of woe! woe! woe! He sat on his horse in a feeling of impatience to reach the station, and learn what could justify this spectral shadow on his spirit. The nearer he drew to the station more darkly and densely that shadow fell. When he was just upon the station, he cast a rapid glance over it. All was profoundly calm; but he saw only one smoke from all those chimneys! At this house where flocks return to the camping ground, and the shepherds to their huts, where all is usually full of life; where the smoke streams up actively from different huts; where the bleat of sheep, and occasional low of cattle, the bark of dogs, and the passing of people from one hut to another shows that all are at home, why this stillness? why this solitary smoke?

The doctor rode up full of wonder and suspense. No dog announced his approach; no single person peered from the door of a hut. The tramp of his horse sounded hollow in the silence, as he cantered up to the door of the chief hut. He cried hillo! and cracked his whip. In the next moment an old man, very old and wrinkled, and gray, half bent double, appeared at the door, and at the sight of the doctor, he turned round, and retreated into the hut as if he had seen something terrible. Again, in a moment, he reappeared, his head shaking as with palsy, and every limb trembling violently. Large tears rolled down his withered face, and the doctor demanded what was amiss. He again shook his head from side to side, as in an agony, appeared struggling to speak, but in vain, and dashing his sleeve across his eyes, he again suddenly retreated into the hut.

The doctor dismounted, and found the old man, a faithful servant of many years, weeping violently in a chair into which he had sunk. The doctor placed his hand kindly on the old man's shoulder, and said a few kind words to console him; but these only seemed to increase his passion of grief, and it was some time before he could find composure enough to tell his story. He was the only person at the station. Every one besides, including Mrs. Metcalfe, were gone off in search of Bell, who had been tending a flock on the bank of the river, a long way off. Three days had now passed since the flock had been found wandering without him.

"When was that? Where was the flock found, Barzillai?" asked the doctor.

"Near the Wild-dog hollow, on the Yan-Yan creek, doctor."

"Is it well," said the doctor, "let me have some tea, and give my horse a good feed of corn. I must go there to-night."

"The Lord bless you for it, doctor," said the

old man—tears again streaming down his withered face. "If God will that he shall be found, there is no man that is so likely as you, doctor; and you love poor Bell, I know, almost as much as foolish old Barzillai. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! that I should live to see this. Me, such an old, tottering, useless thing—and poor Bell, such a fine, strong, young fellow who can leap like a kangaroo. Could—I mean—could—could—play the Lord he may now!" and the man bustled off to get tea ready.

Doctor Woolstan sat sunk in deep thought while tea was preparing; once or twice he rose and strode across the hut, and then sat down again. Old Barzillai brought in tea and a smoking chop. The doctor eat and drank without uttering a word.

"My horse," he said, at length, rising and going to the door.

"He's there," said Barzillai; and as the doctor mounted, he drew close to him, and said, "Do you think you shall find him, doctor? If you could just say so—I know it would prove true."

The doctor squeezed the old man's hand, as he put his horse in motion, and said, "That is as it may please God; but my good old friend, I feel a hope."

"God bless you for that," said the old man, gazing after the doctor, who disappeared at a rapid canter into the dusky forest. On he went, over hill and down dale, through the depth of most solitary forests; leaping fallen trees, pushing on through scrub and jungle, as if the way were tracked, and the light were on the earth. About midnight he saw a fire blazing before him in the valley, and on reaching it saw a party seated, partly on the trunk of a fallen tree, and partly lying on the ground round it. The dogs barked at his approach, and the silent people looking up showed him Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe, Brady, and a couple of shepherds.

There was no need to ask if they had been successful; their wearied and dejected looks showed plainly that they were in the depth of trouble. They arose as the doctor alighted, and one after another grasped his hand without uttering a word. The doctor sat down, and all resumed their seats in silence. Thus they sat for at least a quarter of an hour, when the doctor said, "My dear friends, we must not despair. The moon will rise in two hours; I will then set out."

The father and mother shook their heads, as expressive of its uselessness.

"I shall set out then," repeated the doctor, "till then let me lie down, and let no one come near to speak to me."

He wrapped himself in a rug, which lay at hand; withdrew to a tree near, and flung himself down on his face.

Still and motionless he lay through those two long hours. The fire flared and snapped; the tuons, or flying opossums, came forth and shrieked on the tall, red gum-tree—and through all the woful parents sat and gazed into the fire. They refused to lie down, though worn out with fatigue and trouble. They were still heavily drowsy; frequently nodded, started, looked round and asked, "Is it morning yet?"

At the end of the two hours the moon was seen above the horizon, and the doctor was observed to be on foot, and fetching up his horse—he came leading it towards the fire, where Brady was busy putting on the kettle, and getting out some breakfast.

"I hope you have slept, doctor," said Mrs. Metcalfe, her noble countenance exhibiting the strong expression of her natural fortitude struggling with deep affliction.

"No," said the doctor, "I have not slept. I have striven to get down below all the distorting agitations of the natural mind, into the regions of pure freedom, where the spirit communes with its Maker and is still. It is hard wrestling with one's own flesh and blood—but I have been favored to find peace in it. My way lies over your hill," pointing eastward.

Mrs. Metcalfe solemnly shook her head, saying—

"Alas! we have sought all over that quarter, for these two days. I fear me it is useless. The whole of those hills and valleys have rung with the loud cries of our men."

"Nevertheless, that is my way—and I believe I have no time to lose," replied the simple-hearted man. He took some of the damper from a log on which it was laid, and put it in his pocket; drank off a panikin of tea, took the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe affectionately, saying—

"Don't be cast down; I have faith that all will be well."

Tears gushed into the eyes of his sorrowing friends, as he said this; he saw that they were making a fearful effort to restrain their emotion, and turning, he mounted his horse. At the same moment he saw Brady also mounted, and ready to accompany him.

"That is kind, my dear Brady," said the doctor, "you can greatly comfort and assist me."

"Keep my dog secure in his chain," said Brady, turning to his father, "and should you wish to follow us, he will bring you direct to me."

The two friends rode away. The doctor rode without speaking. The moon was bright and almost perpendicular overhead. The forest was nearly light as day, and the stems of the trees white as marble in their new bark, had a ghastly radiance in its beams. The doctor rode on. He asked no questions of Brady as to where they had already searched, but followed solely the promptings of his own mind. Morning broke, day grew, and the sun began to pour down upon them his burning rays. Still the doctor rode on, and looked neither to right nor left. Brady occasionally made a divergence, cantering off to explore a thicket, or take a survey from the brow of a hill; but the doctor without seeking to check or encourage these little detours, still went on his way.

It was near noon when, as they were traversing the side of a considerable hill, Brady observed a sort of still but excited attention in the doctor's face. It was set with a direct onward look. His eyes seemed fixed on some particular spot, and the expression of his countenance was rapt, solemn and expressive. Brady thought that the old prophet must have worn such a sacred and ennobled look. He felt a strange reverence for the man with whom he had so often joked and played in the most boyish freedom. Anon, they beheld a hollow in the hillside, filled with a dense mass of bushes and dark wattles. In some tall trees above this jungle sat a number of the Australian carrion crows; and raised loudly their strange bleating and piteous cries.

"That means something, Brady."

They were the first words the doctor had spoken since they set out.

"Then I fear it means no good," said Brady; "for where they haunt, there generally haunts death!"

"Let us see," said the doctor.

They were on the edge of the jungle, the hollow in which it grew being evidently the conse-

quence of a landslide at some former period.—

The doctor dismounted, and tied his horse; Brady still kept his saddle, and said:

"This is a whip-stick scrub, doctor; you cannot penetrate it without the axe, and besides, we have searched it all round."

"We must search it again, Brady; give me the axe," said the doctor.

But Brady sprang at once from his horse, drew his small axe from his belt, and said:

"Where shall I clear a way, doctor?"

The doctor pointed out the direction, and Brady went vigorously to work. The scrub consisted of dwarf gum-trees of about fifteen feet high, growing up closely, side by side, like so many hands, and of sufficient size to make the long handles of bullock-whips, whence the name. These rods were woven together with lianos, or vines, as they are called, long, tough, rope-like plants, till the whole was one impenetrable mass, except to fire or the axe. Brady's steel sword cleared a way into the centre of the jungle, throwing down the rods and treading on them as he went on. At once he came to a little stream trickling down the hill-side.

"Follow me," said the doctor, taking his way up the stream, stooping under the boughs of the jungle, which now consisted of wattles and fern-trees.

"Beware, doctor!" said Brady, as he saw themselves coming into an open space, wildly grown with tall clumps of the razor-edged sedge, wild grass, and watery shrubs. "This is the very place for the black snake."

The doctor went on, rising as he got out of the dense mass of the scrub, and directed his way through the boggy soil still up the stream. At once Brady, uttering a wild cry, dashed past him, and the next moment was seen on his knees beside what appeared a corpse. He was wringing his hands in distress, and was convulsed with a violent spasm of tears, when the doctor's calm face was bent down to the body—that of poor Bell.

"He is dead, doctor! he is dead!" exclaimed Brady, "and oh, my God! we might have saved him! Three or four times have we passed this jungle, and looked into its dense bushes, and yet missed him!" and while he spoke he was dropping showers of tears, and driving away frantically the flies with his handkerchief.

Poor Bell lay on his back close to the opening which gushed out of the hill-side. His eyes were closed; his face pale as marble; his hat rolled into the water, and his black hair thrown about his thin and ashy features.

The doctor stooped, put his hand upon his mouth, and then laid it for a considerable space upon the region of the heart.

"He is not dead!" said the doctor. "There has been fever, and probably delirium, here, but these are over; the ebbing force of life needs rallying."

He took his panikin from his belt, dipped it in the stream, and then showed that he had come prepared by drawing a small wicker-covered flask of brandy from his pocket. He poured some into the water, and applied some of it to the parched lips of poor Bell. After one or two repetitions of the restorative, the poor lad moved his lips and sought to reach the fluid with his tongue.

"He lives! he lives!" cried Brady, starting up, and suddenly flinging himself down again by his brother, exclaiming—"Bell! Bell! my dear Bell!"

"Gently, Brady—command yourself," said the doctor; "we must be very cautious," and he gently poured a little of the liquid into the sufferer's mouth.

He leaned anxiously over his face; watched the effect of the stimulant with a fixed intensity; once more laid gently his hand on the heart, and felt for the pulsation in the wrist. He then gave him a little more, and when Brady attempted to speak, put out his hand towards him warningly. In a little time Bell gave an audible sigh; a slight tinge of color came into his cheek, and there was tremulous motion in his fingers. The doctor saw all this with the liveliest attention, and continued to repeat the stimulant at intervals. At length Bell raised his right hand, and laid it on his own breast. There was a tremor in his eyelids, and his eyes for a moment opened and closed again.

"He is going!" exclaimed Brady; "we are too late—too late!"

"My dear Brady, be patient," said the doctor; "give us time; and now go out of the jungle, make a fire, and get some tea."

"Will he live, though?" said Brady, as he started up to go.

"We will hope it," said the doctor; "for what else were we sent?"

And at those words Brady darted away. He had scarcely scrambled together some dry leaves and branches, and set fire to them, and was returning for water, when he saw the doctor coming, carrying Bell in his arms. He laid him down on his rug near the fire, and bade Brady make all haste with the tea. Brady pushed the quart pot into the fire, opened his little bags of sugar and tea, but with trembling hands, and at every moment casting a glance from them to Bell, who lay with his eyes now open, but dreamily, and directed to no particular object. The doctor seized the tea and sugar, and threw them into the boiling water. Very soon the panikin of tea was ready, and the doctor cooling it by pouring it repeatedly from the quart pot to the panikin and back, knelt down to give some of it to the half-conscious patient. But Bell now received the nourishment almost greedily, and presently he attempted to speak, and they thought that he said, but so faintly as to be almost inaudible, "Where am I?"

"Hush! hush! my dear Bell!" said the doctor; "don't be anxious; you are amongst your friends; all is right; and they saw with wonder and delight that he became every minute more conscious and strong. In a few hours he was so well that he was able to say that he had been very ill, and had lost all sense of life. The doctor nursed him; gave him from time to time a little nourishment, and he at length fell asleep. During this time Brady's dog came rushing up to them, and would have barked for joy, but Brady seized him by the muzzle, and carried him to a distance, where he made him, obedient to his discipline, lie down and remain by his side. The dog was the herald of the approach of the party, and Doctor Woolstan hastened to meet them, to give the parents the joyful intelligence of the life of their son, and to enjoin the utmost caution upon them.

But no power could restrain them from hurrying forward to where the young man lay. There the rejoiced and yet trembling parents fell upon their knees by the side of their recovered son, and with silent tears poured out their prayerful thanks to God.

By that evening Bell was sufficiently restored by the judicious nursing of the doctor and his mother, to tell them that he had been seized by a strange dizziness and fever, after several days' hard working and toiling after the flock in the in-

tense heat. That he had got down to this opening, telling his dog to mind the flock, and this command the poor fellow had so faithfully obeyed, that he was found almost dead with hunger, yet still crawling after his charge. By this, however, he lost all trail of his master, and had proved of no use in attempting to find him. Bell said that, in reaching the water, he had drunk copiously, and immediately afterwards the world seemed to go round with him; the earth appeared to heave and sink under him, and soon he lost all sense but that of a strange, urging, inextricable confusion in his brain. When this left him, he had found himself too feeble to raise even his hand; and he saw several huge black-snakes come and play and splash in the water near him. When they glided rapidly away, it was only at the approach of several wild dogs, which snuffed, started, and ran back at sight of him; and on their retreat, the snakes returned again and renewed their gambols, while the carrion crows overhead looked down with their black glistering, fiend-like eyes, and uttered their lamentable, but to him, horrible notes. He had lain in the terrible conviction that he should soon perish of exhaustion, till happily at length, sense and feeling passed away.

We could not express, if we would attempt it, the rejoicing over the beloved son who had been lost and was found again. Brady galloped off to the station for a light spring cart with a bed in it, and one of the men mounted the doctor's horse to convey the happy intelligence to Mount Corbally. It was two days before the party could reach Moolap with their patient. Frequently they had to take him from the cart and carry him on a litter of branches, over stony ranges and abrupt gullies. At length, however, they reached home; at length poor old Barzillai had the delight, a weeping and trembling one, of seeing his dear lad, as he called him, safe and rapidly convalescing.

The doctor took his leave amid the blessings of the grateful and once more happy family, and with a wonderfully augmented sense of veneration for his deep but unaffected piety, and the almost prophetic character of his mind.

"We owe you a life, dear Doctor Woolstan," said Metcalfe, and as he shook his hand at parting, his eyes swimming with tears of grateful joy.

"We all owe one, my dear friend," replied the doctor, "to him to whom we owe every thing. To find our poor Bell it required little sagacity in me. It only required obedience. If you had read the early history of the Friends, you would find such incidents as these by no means wonderful. They lived near to the Divine Spirit, and His spiritual world. To their simple and earnest visions, the cloudy partitions of the flesh became transparent, and they saw by the light of a sphere to which they were favored to be admitted, things almost as clearly as they saw the infinitely distant stars burning over their heads. We can all go, and do likewise if we will, but we must be simple, pure, teachable, and yet strong in the will to follow steadfastly the principle of Divine Rectitude over rough and smooth, over stock and stone, through flattery and sneering, to death or life, wherever it may lead us."

And with an affectionate grasp and a quiet smile, the good man took his leave.

The bad year rolled on its way. From all quarters came melancholy details of death, loss of cattle, and suffering of families; but amongst these tidings were mingled strange reports of the discoveries of gold; of people runnings as if struck with insanity, up the country; of deserted towns, highways crowded with wildly-hastening throngs, drays, stores, tents and tools; and of the marvelous riches snatched up from the scarcely covering earth. On the heels of a terrible crisis came, thus one more wondrous than any fable; and the whole colony was in a chaos of excitement, joy, fear, doubt and extravagant rumor, before which all description is annihilated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1857.

All the contents of the Post are set up expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth reserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G. We know nothing of the individual referred to by W. R. We cannot spare the time to comply with your request.

THE RIDGE DEPARTMENT.—Senders of enigmas, charades, &c., must not get out of heart if their productions do not at once appear. Our store of these things is generally quite large—and even the best ones are often long delayed.

EDITORIAL.—On account of the space occupied by Mr. Howitt's story, the most of our editorial matter this week, is driven over on to the third page.

LARGE ESTATES IN ENGLAND.—We cannot undertake to comply with requests relative to large English estates which are going begging for owners. If any notices relative to such estates, or to anything else, have appeared in our paper, we cannot be at the trouble of hunting them out. Interested persons can procure a file of the Post, by taking a little trouble, and then do their own searching. Our own time, and that of every person about the office, is so occupied with each day's business as it comes, that we cannot possibly spare a moment to make such investigations. Will all inquiring friends please bear these remarks in mind?

THE WHOLE NUMBER OF DEATHS in this city during 1856, was 10,222—about 500 less than in 1855, notwithstanding the increased population. The scarlet fever has been raging in this city, as well as in Boston and New York, for several months past. The number of deaths from this dreadful disease alone, last year, was 946.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the present year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of ENGLAND.) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON. The Author of "AN EXTRA JUDICIAL STATEMENT," "The Author of 'ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM,' &c., &c." After the completion of Mr. Howitt's Novellet.

Tallengetta; or, the Squatter's Home, the following Novellets will be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novellet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novellet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novellet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah, The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE.

An Original Novellet, written for the Post by MRS. MARY A. DENISON. Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE. Author of "The Loss of the Wild-west," &c. &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED NOVELLET

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC
SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

"A RACE WITH A FLOOD TIDE."

While thus engaged, looking at the West coast of Kamtschatka (as per last several letters), a number of us met with a disagreeable excitement, which I purpose making the subject of this my last letter in regard to Kamtschatka. We had been on shore hunting all day, and the officer of the deck had sent a boat for us towards evening, with orders to "work until the officers came down, and then to bring them on board." The flames and boat's crew having worked at the coal as long as the tide would permit, had returned on board, shortly after noon, for the purpose of getting a few hours' rest, previous to the arrival of the next tide, for, as I have already remarked, we had to consult the height of the water in the selection of our working hours, and this often resulted in our devoting the day to sleep and the night to work.

Now the coxswain of this boat, which had been sent to take us off, instead of keeping her at the end of the promontory, where there was, even at dead low tide, water enough to float her, had pulled in over the mud-flat, and hauled her up on the beach, about half way between that point and the coal vein, and then, with the rest of the crew, walked along the beach (a distance of nearly a mile), to the expiring fire, which had been left by the firemen when they went on board.

They piled on a fresh supply of coal, and seating themselves around it, began smoking their pipes, telling their several histories, spinning yarns, and making themselves as generally comfortable as the cold air and their wet feet would admit of. And this was the state of affairs that existed when our party arrived, and asked,

"Well, boys! where's the boat?"

"Down along the beach, sir!" said the coxswain, as he jumped to his feet, and started off towards her. "We hauled her up nicely, clear of the water, before we came up, and buried the anchor in the sand. She can't get away, sir."

"I suppose not," I replied. "Why didn't you leave half of the crew in her to keep her afloat? There's half a mile of mud between her and the water by this time."

And so it proved to be, for when we had turned a point and got her in view, we saw the whole boat before us, without sign of water near it, and thus found ourselves under the necessity of waiting for the next tide: three or four long, inactive hours to be passed in the cold air, with our wet limbs and our empty stomachs as our only companions; the idea of dragging the boat through a half mile of mud and rocks being of course out of the question.

"A stupid piece of work, altogether!" remarked one of the party, in an irritated voice. "It is singular how many jackasses there are in this world."

The coxswain had looked very guilty, and to hide his confusion, suddenly discovered an imaginary coal vein in the precipitous side of the mountain on our right.

"Never mind finding any more coal!" I observed to him. "What I want you to do now, is to take two of the crew with you, and go and stay by the boat until the tide rises, then bring her up along the beach as the water deepens. We'll go back by the fire until then, and meet you as you come up."

So the rest of us retraced our steps, piled on more coal, and tried to imagine ourselves in a very comfortable situation.

By-and-by, as we were seated around the blazing pile, limbs began to feel less weary under the influence of returning warmth, eyes began to grow heavy in about the same proportion, heads began to bob about spasmodically, and even the breathing of some to become heavy and regular. "What a word had been spoken for—I can't say how long, for mine was one of those bobbing heads, and time had assumed a most misty appearance in its drowsy chambers."

Suddenly we were aroused by shouts, away down the beach, and springing to our feet, we found that night was closing around us, that the fire had burned quite low, and that hurried feet were approaching us from the direction of the boat. Excited voices, too, were borne to us upon the damp night air, telling us that something wrong had turned up at the boat, and awakening us most effectually. The next moment the "breakless coxswain" and his two companions rushed into sight, exclaiming, at the top of their voices,

"Come on, sir! Come quick, Mr. Smith! The tide's a rising fast, and we've come up to let you know."

I don't know that I ever felt more like knocking a man down in my whole life, than I did at that moment. As for Vel Lager, he actually fainted at the mouth, in his desperate attempts to command enough English to convey his emotions.

That fellow had been left by the boat, with the previously-mentioned orders, and instead of obeying them, he had become frightened at the noise of the swelling tide, and wasted precious time by coming almost a mile to tell us that it was rising. And now we were left with but one alternative: we must either be content to remain where we were, out of reach of the water and leave the boat to boat about in the surf, and be probably drifted out to sea, or we must make a run for it, and try to reach her before the tide rose so high as to cover the beach and drown all who should not be able to swim back. We had travelled up and down that beach both by day and night, and knew well enough that there would be no use in trying to climb up those steep, almost perpendicular walls, when the water should wash us from our feet: our only hope would be in the swiftness of the prearranged swimmer.

It was something of more than ordinary importance upon which we were now called upon to decide; and I am free to acknowledge, as I look back upon that darkening night, that I might have acted with much more prudence than I did; still, when some one cried out, "Let us run for it! there is no time!" I stopped to think no longer, but dropping my gun on the beach, and telling one of the men to come on with us as fast as he could, I started off on a full run, and was followed by the entire party.

And such a run as that was. I never engaged in anything approaching it before—I hope never to be engaged in anything similar to it again.

The lingering twilight of the almost endless arctic day, was at length giving place to the tardy night. The atmosphere was just cool enough to keep us from getting warm, even by running, and the confounded "bock-jack mixture" that was constantly crossing our path, more than once threw me down, at the outset risk of breaking some limb, or even my neck. I could hear the increasing surging of the flood-tide as it rolled towards us, and the decreasing noise made by my companions as they hurried along after me; I

was evidently distancing them slowly, and hearing the tide-rap rapidly.

I was then the worst scared man in the party, or I had the lightest pair of legs, one of the two. And I remember that thought flashing through my mind and causing me to laugh, as I looked ahead to the next breakfast-table, and heard some one say,—"Oh! but you should have seen Smith run, that was the best part of it all." I heard this in the imaginary future, I say, and smiled, but I expect it was a most ghastly attempt.

At any rate, it was of short duration, for it fled before the increasing noise of the nearing tide, and left me with a feeling of startled alarm as my only companion. Yes, it was even something more than a feeling of startled alarm. It was much more like a bad scare, the feeling that possessed me, as my left foot just then sank into a streak of the "mixture," and caused me to measure my length on what fortunately proved to be good hard sand.

That particular streak happened to be narrow, and I was carried over it by my momentum, and was, moreover, very well satisfied to be able to pick myself up again, rub my skinned elbows, and continue the race, with anything but decreased speed.

There were two high points between our starting point and the boat, which ran down across the beach to about half tide mark, and I had now arrived at the first of them, just as the advancing ripple commenced to wash it. Doubling around it at full speed, with the water already ankle deep, I shouted to them behind—"Bear a hand! Bear a hand!"—and dashed along the next stretch of beach for the last point.

I now began to feel a little the worse for exercise. My skin was hot and dry. My knees decidedly weaker than at first; while my chest and throat actually seemed to burn under the constant friction of heavy and rapid breathing. My eyes, too, were dimmed by the extreme exertion, and a dizzy feeling about the brain advised me to slacken up or risk a probable fall. Still, knowing that everything now depended upon some one reaching the boat before she was washed away, and knowing also that I was the nearest one to her, it became me to continue lifting my feet up and putting them down again as fast as possible. Could I but weather this last point all would be well, for I could then get in the boat and bring her around it for those who might arrive too late. It was this consideration, which, combined with my "badly scared" condition, served to keep me up to my speed, while I felt every moment more and more like fainting.

At times I thought of giving in spite of all this, but then I cast my eyes from the inclined, wedge-like surface of the foaming waters to the dark outlines of the point which was now only a few hundred yards ahead, and reflecting that I had only to round the latter and put my hand on the boat's gunwale I tightened up bravely, (in spite of my alarm,) and threw myself bodily towards it, though my knees did tremble, my feet came down rather wildly, and my eyes grew dimmer and dimmer under such a combination of excitement and exertion.

Finally it was reached. And as I dragged myself heavily around it through the knee-deep water that broke around me, I saw the boat rolling from bilge to bilge in the rising surf a few rods ahead, and was so enlivened by the sight that I expended much of my remaining breath in an encouraging shout to my following companions. I had not arrived more than a minute or two too soon; a few moments later and she would have been afloat, possibly drifting out into the bay, and leaving us to swim, climb up the steep and crumbling sides of the promontory or sink.

I staggered up to her unsteady side, and grasping her gunwales with both hands, strove to shove her into deep water, but my strength was all gone; I felt at once that I was powerless while alone, and so with an exhibition of what I call a vast amount of common sense, I crawled over into the stern sheets, and was rolled from side to side for a minute or more until the others came up and pushed her into deep water. I was used up.

We now got out our oars, and while doing so drifted by the point we had so lately waded around, and one of the crew shoving his boat-hook over the side, found four feet water, where a minute before it had been but knee deep. We looked at the hopeless hill-side, shuddered, and felt thankful.

"You ought to have seen Smith run!"—remarked one of the party at breakfast, next morning. And Smith laughed, but such a laugh.

The next day we were again under way with bunkers full of coal, that had cost the Government nothing, and our apparently endless work still looming up ahead of us.

AN ANTIQUE JEWEL.—A fair and happy milk-maid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physiognomies out of countenance. She knows a faire looks is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is her self) is far better than out sides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoils of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her, too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul: she rises therefore with cleanliness, her dame's cock; at night makes the lamb her courtesan. In milking a cow, and straining the tests through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or armoire ornament on her palm to taint it. The golden eyes of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wait to be bound and lead prisoners by the same hand that fed them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheels of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery 'till world, like decedence. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and chrysalis, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep's 'till night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not paled with insidious cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friar's dream is all her superstition: that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding sheet.—*St. Thomas Overbury.*

HOW CONGO KILLED THE LIONESS.

FROM "THE YOUNG YAGERS,"
BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

Congo had now become an object of as great interest as in the morning. Greater in fact, for the new danger he was about to undergo—a combat with an enraged lioness—was accounted still greater than that of fording the Gaeap, and the interest was in proportion. With eager eyes the young yagers stood watching him as he prepared himself for the encounter.

He was but a short while in getting ready. He was seen to enter the Van Wyk wagon, and in less than three minutes came out again fully armed and equipped. The lioness would not have long to wait for her assailant.

The equipment of the Kafir must needs be described.

It was simple enough, though odd to a stranger's eye. It was neither more nor less than the equipment of a Zooloo warrior.

In his right hand he held a bunch of assegais,—in all six of them.

West is an "assegai?"

It is a straight lance or spear, though not to be used as one. It is smaller than either of these weapons, shorter and more slender in the shaft, but like them armed with an iron head of arrow-shape. In battle it is not retained in the hand, but flung at the enemy, often from a considerable distance. It is, in short, a "javelin," or "dart,"—such as was used in Europe before firearms became known, and such as at present forms the war weapon of all the savage tribes of Southern Africa, but especially those of the Kafir nations. And well they know how to project this dangerous missile. At the distance of a hundred yards they will send it with a force as great, and an aim as unerring as either bullet or arrow! The assegai is flung by a single arm.

Of these javelins Congo carried six, spanning his slender shafts with his long, muscular fingers.

The assegais were not the oddest part of his equipment. That was a remarkable thing which he bore on his left arm. It was of oval form, full six feet in length by about three in width, concave on the side towards his body, and equally convex on the opposite. More than any thing else did it resemble a small boat or canoe made of skins stretched over a framework of wood, and of such materials was it constructed. It was, in fact, a shield—a Zooloo shield—though of somewhat larger dimensions than those used in war. Notwithstanding its great size it was far from clumsy, but light, tight, and firm,—so much so that arrow, assegai, or bullet, striking it upon the convex side, would have glanced off as from a plate of steel.

A pair of strong bands fastened inside along the bottom enabled the wearer to move it about at will; and placed upright, with its lower end resting upon the ground, it would have sheltered the body of the tallest man. It sheltered that of Congo, and Congo was no dwarf.

Without another word he walked out, the huge carapace on his left arm, five of the assegais clutched in his left hand, while one that he had chosen for the first throw he held in his right. This one was grasped near the middle, and carried upon the balance.

No change had taken place in the situation of affairs out upon the plain. In fact, there had not been much time for any. Scarce five minutes had elapsed from the time the Kafir stated his purpose, until he went forth to execute it. The lioness was still roaming about, uttering her frightful screams. The hyenas were still there. The moment the Kafir was seen approaching the cowardly hyenas fled with a howl, and soon disappeared under the bushes.

Far other with the lioness. She seemed to pay no regard to the approach of the hunter. She neither turned her head, nor looked in the direction he was coming. Her whole attention was absorbed by the mass of bodies upon the plain. She yelled her savage notes as she regarded them. She was no doubt lamenting the fate of her grim and swarthy partner, that lay dead before her eyes. At all events, she did not seem to notice the hunter until he had got within twenty paces of the spot!

At that distance the Kafir halted, rested his huge shield upon the ground,—still holding it erect,—poised the assegai a moment in his right hand, and then sent it whizzing through the air.

It pierced the side of the tawny brute, and hung quivering between her ribs. Only for a moment. The fierce animal doubled round upon herself, caught the shaft in her teeth, and broke it off as if it had been a straw!

The blade of the assegai still remained in the flesh, but the lioness waited no longer. She had now perceived her enemy; and, uttering a vengeful scream, she sprang towards him. With one tremendous bound she cleared three-fourths of the space that lay between them, and a second would have carried her upon the shoulders of the Kafir; but the latter was prepared to receive her, and, as she rose to her second leap, he disappeared suddenly from the scene! As if by magic he had vanished; and had not the boys been watching his every movement, they would have been at a loss to know what had become of him. But they knew that under that oval convex form, whose edges rested upon the earth, lay Congo the Kafir. There lay he, like a tortoise in its shell, clutching the straps with all his might, and pressing his carapace firmly against the ground!

The lioness was more astonished than the spectators. At the second leap she pitched right down upon the shield, but the drum-like noise made by her weight, and the hard, firm substance encountered by her claws, quite disconcerted her, and springing aside she stood gazing at the odd object with looks of alarm!

She stood but for a moment, and then, uttering a savage growl of disappointment, turned tail upon it, and trotted off!

This growl guided Congo. The shield was raised from the ground,—only on one side, and but a very little way at first—just enough to enable the hunter to see the stern of the retreating lioness.

Then the Kafir rose quickly to his feet, and holding the shield erect, prepared for the casting of a second assegai.

This was quickly thrown and pierced the animal in the flank, where shaft and all remained sticking in the flesh. The lioness turned with redoubled fury, once more charged upon her assailant, and, as before, was met by the hard convex surface of the shield. This time she did not immediately retreat, but stood menacing the strange object, striking it with her clawed hoofs, and endeavoring to turn it over.

Now was the moment of peril for Congo. Had the lioness succeeded in making a capital, it would have been all up with him, poor fellow! But he knew the danger, and with one hand clutching the leathern straps, and the other bear-

ing upon the edge of the frame, he was able to hold firm and close,—closer even "than a barnacle to a ship's copper."

After venting his rage in several impotent attempts to break or overturn the carapace, the lioness at length went growling away towards her former position.

Her growls, as before, guided the actions of Congo. He was soon upon his feet, another assegai whistled through the air, and pierced through the neck of the lioness.

But, as before, the wound was not fatal, and the animal, now enraged to a frenzy, charged once more upon her assailant. So rapid was her advance that it was with great difficulty Congo got under cover. A moment later, and his rear would have failed; for the claws of the lioness rattled upon the shield as it descended.

He succeeded, however, in planting himself firmly, and was once more safe under the thick buffalo hide. The lioness now howled with disappointed rage; and, after spending some minutes in fruitless endeavors to upset the shield, she once more desisted. This time, however, instead of going away, the angry brute kept pacing round and round, and at length lay down within three feet of the spot. Congo was besieged!

The boys saw at a glance that Congo was a captive. The look of the lioness told them this. Though she was several hundred yards off, they could see that she wore an air of determination, and was not likely to depart from the spot without having her revenge. There could be no question about it—the Kafir was in "a scrape."

Should the lioness remain, how was he to get out of it? He could not escape by any means. To raise the shield would be to tempt the fierce brute upon him. Nothing could be plainer than that.

The boys shouted aloud to warn him of his danger. They feared that he might not be aware of the close proximity of his enemy.

Notwithstanding the danger there was something ludicrous in the situation in which the Kafir was placed; and the young hunters, though anxious about the result, could scarce keep from laughing, as they looked forth upon the plain.

There lay the lioness within three feet of the shield, regarding it with fixed and glaring eyes, and at intervals uttering her savage growls. There lay the oval form, with Congo beneath, motionless and silent. A strange pair of adversaries, indeed!

Long time the lioness kept her close vigil, scarce moving her body from its crouching attitude. Her tail only vibrated from side to side, and the muscles of her jaws quivered with subdued rage. The boys shouted repeatedly to warn Congo; though no reply came from the hollow interior of the carapace. They might have spared their breath. The cunning Kafir knew as well as they the position of his enemy.

Her growls, as well as her loud breathing, kept him admonished of her whereabouts; and he well understood how to act under the circumstances.

For a full half hour this singular scene continued; and as the lioness showed no signs of deserting her post, the young yagers at length determined upon an attack, or, at all events, a feat that would draw her off.

It was close upon sunset, and, should night come down, what would become of Congo? In the darkness he might be destroyed. He might relax his watchfulness—he might go to sleep, and then his relentless enemy would have the advantage.

Something must be done to release him from his narrow prison—and at once.

They had saddled and mounted their horses, and were about to ride forth, when the sharp-eyed Hans noticed that the lioness was much farther off from the shield than when he last looked that way. And yet she had not moved—at all events, no one had seen her stir—and she was still in the very same attitude! How, then?

"Hia! look yonder! the shield is moving!"

As Hans uttered these words the eyes of all turned upon the carapace.

Sure enough, it was moving. Slowly and gradually it seemed to glide along the ground, like a huge tortoise, though its edges remained close to the surface. Although impelled by no visible power, all understood what this motion meant—Congo was the moving power!

The yagers held their bridles firm, and sat watching with breathless interest.

In a few minutes more the shield had moved full ten paces from the crouching lioness. The latter seemed not to notice this change in the relative position of herself and her cunning adversary. If she did, she beheld it rather with feelings of curiosity or wonder than otherwise. At all events, she kept her post until the curious object had gone a wide distance from her.

She might not have suffered it to go much farther; but it was now far enough for her adversary's purpose, for the shield suddenly became erect, and the Kafir once more sent his assegai whirling from his hand.

It was the fatal shaft. The lioness chanced to be crouching broadside towards the hunter. His aim was true, and the barbed iron pierced through her heart. A short growl, that was soon stifled—a short despairing struggle, that soon ended, and the mighty brute lay motionless in the dust!

A loud "hurrah!" came from the direction of the camp, and the young yagers now galloped forth upon the plain, and congratulated Congo upon the successful result of his perilous conflict.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.—The cedars, which still bear their ancient name, stand mostly upon four small contiguous knolls, within a compass of less than forty rods in diameter. They form a thick forest, without underbrush. The older trees have several trunks, and thus spread themselves widely around; but most of the others are conical in form, and do not throw out their boughs laterally to any great extent. Some few trees stand alone on the outskirts of the grove; and one, especially, on the south, is large and very beautiful. With this exception, none of the trees came up to my ideal of the graceful beauty of the cedar of Lebanon, such as I had formerly seen in the Jardin des Plantes. Some of the older trees are already much broken; and will soon be wholly destroyed. The fashion is now coming into vogue to have articles made of this wood for sale to travellers; and it is also burned as fuel by the few people that here pass the summer. These causes of destruction, though gradual in their operation, are nevertheless sure. Add to this the circumstance that travellers in former years (to say nothing of the present time) have been shameless enough to cause large spots to be hewn smooth on the trunks of some of the noblest trees, in order to inscribe their names.

The two earliest which I saw were Frenchmen; one was dated in 1791. The wood of the Lebanon cedar is white, with a pleasant but not strong odor; and bears no comparison, in beauty or fragrance, with the common red cedar of America.—*Robinson.*

THE WIDOW AND HER DAUGHTER.

"And so, you strip yourself of comfort for the sake of adding to this rich merchant's gaffs?"

The widow replied, with flushed cheeks—

"It may seem a light thing with you, but the thought that I am slowly and surely wiping every stain from my husband's honor, is my greatest earthly comfort. Mr. Miner is his last creditor, and, God willing, every cent shall be paid."

Her coarser relative responded with an emphatic "fiddlestick," and angrily left her presence.

"At last I have it," said a silvery voice, and a sweet face, glad and brilliant, brightened up the gloom.

"Only see, mother! ten dollars, all my own; ten more make twenty; so we shall have a nice little sum for Mr. Miner."

Tears trembled on the widow's lashes, and glittered on her pale cheek.

"Is it to be the price of thy life, my precious one?" she thought. "Is the canker-worm at the heart of my beautiful flower? Must I give thee up to weary toil, a sacrifice upon the altar of duty? Can it be that God requires it?"

Eva knelt at her mother's feet, where she had fallen with all the abandon of a child, her hand fastened to the shining gold.

Lifting her glance, she met that of her mother, full of anxiety, touched with sorrow. A sudden smile broke over her delicate features.

"I was only thinking of the endless things this money would buy—don't look so grave, mamma—such a beauty of a warm shawl for you, and a neat crimson cover for that untidy old arm-chair; a bit, ever so little, of carpet, to put down by the bed, that your feet need not feel this cold floor; and a pretty cap, besides coal, the tea and sugar, and such nice, comfortable things. But never mind," and she sprang to her feet, brushed back her brown curls, and drew on her neat little bonnet—"never mind, I'll make you and me rich. And, dear mother, you shall ride in your own carriage, and may be those that scorn us now only because we are poor, may be thankful of our notice. A truce to romance," she eagerly continued; "stern reality tells me to go directly up to Madison Street, find Mr. Miner, give him those twenty dollars, take a receipt, and then go home and read and sing to my mother."

Hurriedly Eva passed from her house along the narrow streets diverging into pleasant width and palace-like splendor. The houses of greatness and wealth glittered in their marble beauty under the golden sunlight. Up broad steps, through portals carved and shining, passed the timid steps of Eva Sterne.

At first the pompous servant smiled contemptuous denial; but after a moment, perhaps softened by her childish simplicity and winning blue eyes, he deemed it best not to deny her urgency—and she entered this palace of a rich man's home.

Softly her feet sank in the luxurious hall carpet. Statuary in bronze and marble lined all the way to the staircase. The splendor of the room into which she was ushered seemed to her inexperienced sight too beautiful for actual use, and he who came in, with his kindly glance and handsome face, was the noblest perfection of manhood she had ever seen.

"Well, young lady," he said, blandly smiling, "to whom am I indebted for this pleasure?"

"My father, sir, died in your debt," said Eva, blushing, speaking very softly. "By the strictest economy and very hard work, we, my mother and I, have been able to pay all his creditors but yourself. If you will be kind enough to receive the balance of your account in small sums—I am sorry they must be small, sir—we can, in the course of a few years, liquidate the debt, and then—we shall have fulfilled my father's dying wish, that every stain might be wiped from his honor." She paused a moment, and said again falteringly, "My father was very unfortunate, sir, and broken in health for many years; but, sir, he would have paid the last cent if it had left him a beggar."

Mr. Miner sat awhile thoughtfully, his dark eye fastened upon the gentle face before him. After a moment of silence, he raised his head, threw back the mass of curling hair that shadowed his handsome brow, and said,

"I remember your father well; I regretted his death. He was a fine fellow—a fine fellow," he added, musingly; "but my dear young lady have you the means—do you not embarrass yourself by making these payments?"

Eva blushed again, and looking up ingeniously replied,

"I am obliged to work, sir; but no labor would be too arduous that might save the memory of such a father from disgrace."

This she spoke with deep emotion. The rich man turned with a choking in his throat, and tears glistened on his lashes. Eva timidly held out the two gold pieces; he took them; and bidding her stay a moment, hastily left the room.

Almost instantly returning, he handed her a sealed note saying,

"There is the receipt, young lady, and allow me to add, that the mother of such a child must be a happy woman. The whole debt, I find, is \$975. You will see by my note what arrangements I have made, and I hope they will be satisfactory."

Eva left him with a lighter heart, and a burning cheek at his praise. His manner was so gentle, so fatherly, that she felt he would not impose hard conditions, and it would be a pleasure to pay one so kind and forbearing.

At last she got home, and breathlessly sitting at her mother's feet, she opened the letter. Wonder of wonders—a bank note enclosed. She held it without speaking or looking at its value.

"Read it," she said, after a moment's bewilderment, placing the letter in her mother's hand—"here are fifty dollars; what can it mean?"

"This," said the sick woman, bursting into tears, "is a receipt in full, releasing you from the payment of your father's debt. Kind, generous man—Heaven will bless him, God will shower mercies upon him. From a grateful heart I call upon the Father to reward him for this act of kindness. Oh! what shall we say, what shall we do to thank him?"

"Mother," said Eva, smiling through her tears, "I felt as if he were an angel of goodness. Oh! they do wrong who say that all who are wealthy have hard hearts. Mother, can it be possible we are so rich? I wish he knew how happy he has made us, how much we will love and reverence him whenever we think or speak of him, or even hear him spoken of."

"He has bound two hearts to him forever," murmured the mother.

"Yes, dear Mr. Miner! little he thought how many comforts we wanted. Now we need not stint the fire; we may buy coal, and have a cheerful blaze, please God. And the tea, the strip of carpet, the sugar, the little luxuries for you, dear mother, and the time, and a very few books for myself. I declare, I'm so thankful, I feel as if I ought to go right back and tell him that we shall love him as long as we live."

That evening the grate, heaped with Lehigh, gave the little room an air of ruddy comfort. Eva sat near, her curls bound softly back from her pure forehead, inditing a touching letter to her benefactor. Her mother's face, lighted with the loss of cankerous care, shone with a placid smile, and her every thought was a prayer calling down blessings upon the rich good man. In another room, far different from the widow's home, but also bright with the blaze of a genial fire, whose red light made the polish of costly furniture, sat the noble merchant.

"Pa, what makes you look so happy?" asked Lina, a beautiful girl, passing her smooth hand over his brow.

"Do I look happy, Lina?"

"Yes, and you keep shutting your eyes and smiling—so," and her bright face reflected his own. "I think you've had something very nice to-day; what was it?"

"Does my little daughter really want to know what has made her father so happy? Here is my Bible; let her turn to Acts xx. 35, and read it carefully."

The beautiful child turned reverently the pages of the holy book, and as she read she looked up into her father's eyes.

"And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Ah! I knew," she said, laying her rosy cheek upon his hand; "you have been giving something to

THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Let us speak low, the infant is asleep.
The frosty hills grow sharp, the day is near,
And Phosphor with his taper comes to peep
Into the cradle of the new-born year;
Hush! the infant is asleep.
Murmur of the Day and Night,
Whisper, yet it is not light,
The infant is asleep.
Those arms shall cradle great serpents ere to-morrow,
His closed eye shall wake to laugh and weep;
His lips shall curl with mirth, and writhe with sorrow,
And charm up Truth and Beauty from the deep;
Softly—softly, let us keep
Our vigils; visions cross his rest,
Prophetic pulses stir his breast,
Although he be asleep.
Now, Life and Death arm'd in his presence wait,
Gentle with lamps are standing at the door;
Oh! he shall sing sweet songs, he shall relate
Wonder and glory, and hopes untold before.
Murmur memories that may creep
Into his ears, of old sublime;
Let the youngest born of Time
Hear music in his sleep.
Quickly he shall awake, the East is bright,
And the hot glow of the unseen sun
Hath kiss'd his brow with promise of his light,
His cheek is red with victory to be won.
Quickly shall our King awake,
Strong as giants, and not afraid,
Sage as the old and wise
The infant shall awake.
His childhood shall be froward, wild, and thwart;
His glances froward, and his anger blind;
But tender spirits shall o'ertake his heart—
Sweet tears and golden moments, hand and kind:
He shall give delight and take,
Charm, enchant, dismay, and soothe;
Raise the dead, and touch with youth;
Oh! sing that he may wake!
Where is the sword to gird upon his thigh?
What is his armor, and his laurel crown?
For he shall be a conqueror ere he die,
And win him kingdoms wider than his own;
Like the earthquake he shall shake
Cities down, and waste like fire;
Then build them stronger, pile them higher,
When he shall awake.
In the dark spheres of his unclouded eyes
The sheeted lightnings lie, and clouded stars,
That shall glance softly, as in summer skies,
Or stream o'er thirty deserts, winged with wars;
For in the pauses of dread hours
He shall fling his armor off,
And like a reveller sing and laugh,
And dance in his own towers.
 Ofttimes in his Midsummer he shall turn
To look on the dead blooms with weeping eyes:
O'er ashes of frail beauty stand and mourn,
And kiss the hie of stricken flower with sighs.
 Ofttimes like light of onward seas,
He shall hail great days to come,
Or hear the first dread note of doom,
Like torrents on the breeze.
His childhood shall be blissful and sublime,
With stormy sorrows, and severest pleasures,
And his crown'd age upon the top of Time
Shall throne him great in glories, rich in treasures.
The sun is up, the day is breaking,
Sleep is over, dawn is near,
Immortal be the new-born year,
And blessed be his waking.

Pictures of Life.

A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY MISS DINAH MARIA MULLOCK,
AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

For an hour she lay on the schoolhouse floor, quite rigid. We thought she would never wake again. When she did, and we slowly made her understand that things were not as she feared, she seemed hardly able to take in the consolation.
"My bonnet, Martha, my bonnet. I must go to him." But she could not even stand.
I sent for my father. He came, bringing with him Dr. Hall, who had just left Mr. Rochdale.
Our doctor was a good man, whom every body trusted. At sight of him, Mrs. Rochdale sat up and listened—we all listened; no attempt at cold or polite disguises now—to his account of the accident. It was a simple fracture, curable by a few weeks of perfect quiet and care.
"Above all, my dear madam, quiet,"—for the doctor had seen Mrs. Rochdale's nervous fastening of her cloak, and her quick glance at the door. "I would not answer for the results of even ten minutes' mental agitation."
Mrs. Rochdale comprehended. A spasm, sharp and keen, crossed the unhappy mother's face. With a momentary pride she drew back.
"I assure you, Dr. Hall, I had no—that is, I have already changed my intention."
Then she leaned back, closed her eyes and her quivering mouth—fast—folded quietly her useless hands; and seemed as if trying to commit her son, patiently and unrepining, into the care of the only Healer.—"He who woundeth, and His hands make whole."
At last she asked suddenly, "Who is with her?"
"His wife," said Dr. Hall, without hesitation. "She is a good tender nurse; and he is fond of her."
Mrs. Rochdale was silent.
Shortly afterwards she went home in Dr. Hall's carriage; and by her own wish I left her there alone.
After that, I saw her twice a day for five days—bringing regular information from my father of Mr. Rochdale, and hearing the further report, never missed, which came through Dr. Hall. It was almost always favorable; yet the agony of the "almost" seemed to stretch the mother's powers of endurance to their utmost limit—at times her face, in its stolid fixed quietness, had an expression half-insane.
Late in the afternoon of the sixth day—it was a rainy December Sunday, when scarcely any one thought of stirring out but me—I was just considering whether it was not time to go to Mrs. Rochdale's, when some person, hooded and cloaked, came up the path to our door. It was herself.
"Martha, I want you. No; I'll not come in." Yet she leaned a minute against the dripping veranda, pale and breathless.
"Are you afraid of taking a walk with me—a long walk? No! Then put on your shawl and come."
Though this was all she said, and I made no attempt to question her further, still I knew as well as if she had told me where she was going. We went through my lanes, and soaking woods, where the partridges started, whirring up, across sunk fences, and under gloomy fir plantations, till at last we came out opposite the manor-house. It looked just the same as in old times, save that there were no peacocks on the terrace, and the swans now never came near the house—no one fed or noticed them.
"Martha, do you see that light in my window? my poor boy!"

She gasped, struggled for breath, leaned on my arm a minute, and then went steadily up, and rang the hall-bell.
"I believe there is a new servant; he may not know you, Mrs. Rochdale," I said, to prepare her.
But she needed no preparation. She asked in the quietest way—as if paying an ordinary call—for "Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale."
"Mistress is gone to lie down, ma'am. Master was worse, and she was up all night with him. But he is better again to-day, thank the Lord!"
The man seemed really affected, as though both "master" and "mistress" were served with truth from his service.
"I will wait to see Mrs. Lemuel," said Mrs. Rochdale, walking right into the library.
The man followed, asking respectfully what name he should say.
"Merely a lady."
We waited about a quarter of an hour. Then Mrs. Lemuel appeared—somewhat flustered, looking, in spite of her handsome dress, a great deal shyer and more modest than the girl Nancy Hine.
"I beg pardon, ma'am, for keeping you waiting; I was with my husband. Perhaps you're a stranger, and don't know how ill he has been. I beg your pardon."
Mrs. Rochdale put back her veil, and Mrs. Lemuel seemed as if, in common phrase, she could have "dropped through the floor."
"I dare say you are surprised to see me here," the older lady began; "still, you will well imagine, a mother—!" She broke down. It was some moments before she could command herself to say, in broken accents, "I want to see—my son."
"That you shall, with pleasure, Mrs. Rochdale," said Mrs. Rochdale, earnestly. "I thought once of sending for you; but—"
The other made some gesture to indicate that she was not equal to conversation, and hastily moved up stairs—Nancy following. At the chamber door, however, Nancy interrupted her—
"Stop one minute, please. He has been so very ill; do let me tell him first, just to prepare—"
"He is my son—my own son. You need not be afraid," said Mrs. Rochdale, in tones of which I know not whether bitterness or keen anguish was uppermost. She pushed by the wife, and went in!
We heard a faint cry, "Oh, mother, my dear mother," and a loud sob—that was all.
Mrs. Lemuel shut the door, and sat down on the floor outside, in tears. I forgot she had been Nancy Hine, and wept with her.
It was a long time before Mrs. Rochdale came out of her son's room. No one interrupted them, not even the wife. Mrs. Lemuel kept restlessly moving about the house—sometimes sitting down to talk familiarly with me, then recollecting herself and resuming her dignity. She was much improved. Her manners and her mode of speaking had become more refined. It was evident too, that her mind had been a good deal cultivated, and that report had not lied when it avouched, sarcastically, that the squire had left off educating his dogs, and taken to educating his wife. If so, she certainly did her master credit. But Nancy Hine was always considered a "bright" girl.
Awkward she was still—large and gauche and underbred—wanting in that simple self-possession which needs no advantage of dress or formality of manner to confirm the obvious fact of innate "ladyhood." But there was nothing coarse or repulsive about her—nothing that would strike one as springing from that internal and ineradicable "vulgarity," which, being in the nature as much as in the bringing-up, no education or external refinement of manner can ever wholly conceal.
I have seen more than one "lady," of undeniable birth and rearing, who was a great deal more "vulgar" than Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale.
We were sitting by the dining-room fire. Servants came, doing the day's mechanical service, and brought in the tray.
Mrs. Lemuel began to fidget about.
"Do you think, Miss Martha, she will stay and take some supper? Would she like to remain the night here? Ought I not to order a room to be got ready?"
But I could not answer for any of Mrs. Rochdale's movements.
In process of time she came down, looking calm and happy—oh, inconceivably happy!—scarcely happier, I doubt, even when, twenty-seven years ago, she had received her new-born son into her bosom—her son, now grown into her in reconciliation and love. She even said, with a gentle smile, to her son's wife: "I think he wants you. Suppose you were to go up stairs?"
Nancy felt like lightning.
"He says," murmured Mrs. Rochdale, looking at the fire, "that she has been a good wife to him."
"She is much improved in many ways."
"Most likely. My son's wife could not fail of that," returned Mrs. Rochdale, with a certain air that forbade all further criticism on Nancy. She evidently was to be viewed entirely as "my son's wife."
Mrs. Lemuel returned. She looked as if she had been crying. Her manner towards her mother-in-law was a mixture of gratitude and pleasure.
"My husband says, since you will not stay the night, he hopes you will take supper here, and return in the carriage."
"Thank you; certainly."
And Mrs. Rochdale sat down—unwittingly, perhaps—in her own familiar chair, by the bright hearth. Several times she sighed; but the happy look never altered. And now, wholly and forever, passed away that sorrowful look of seeking for something never found. It was found.
I think a mother, entirely and eternally sure of her son's perfect reverence and love, need not be jealous of any other lover, not even for a wife. There is, in every good man's heart, a sublime strength and purity of attachment, which he never does feel, never can feel, for any woman on earth except his mother.
Supper was served; Mrs. Lemuel half-advanced to her usual place, then drew back, with a deprecating glance.
But Mrs. Rochdale quietly seated herself in the guest's seat at the side, leaving her son's wife to take the position of mistress and hostess at the head of the board.
Perhaps it was only I who felt a choking pang of regret and humiliation at seeing my dear, my noble Mrs. Rochdale, sitting at the same table with Nancy Hine.
After that Sunday, the mother went every day to see her son. This event was the talk of the whole village; some worthy souls were glad; but I think the general feeling was rather shocked at the reconciliation. They always thought Mrs. Rochdale had more spirit; "wondered she could have let herself down." But of course



ALFRED TENNYSON, THE POET.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

It was only on account of his illness." "She might choose to be on terms with her son, but it was quite impossible she could ever take up with Nancy Hine."
In that last sentiment I agreed. But then the gossips did not know that there was a great and a daily-increasing difference between Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale and "Nancy Hine."
I have stated my creed, as it was Mrs. Rochdale's, that lowness of birth does not necessarily constitute a low marriage. Also, that popular opinion was rather unjust to the baker's daughter. Doubtless she was a clever, ambitious girl, anxious to raise herself, and glad enough to do so by marrying the squire. But I believe that she was a virtuous and not unscrupulous girl, and I firmly believe she loved him. Once married, she tried to raise herself so as to be worthy of her station; to keep and to deserve her husband's affection. That which would have made a woman of meaner nature insufferably proud, only made Nancy humble. Not that she abated one jot of her self-respect—for she was a high-spirited creature—but she had sense enough to see that the truest self-respect lies, not in exacting honor which is undeserved, but in striving to attain that worth which receives honor and observance as its rightful due.
From this quality in her probably grew the undoubted fact of her great influence over her husband. Also because, to tell the truth—(I would not for worlds Mrs. Rochdale should read this page)—Nancy was of a stronger nature than he, who was mild-tempered, lazy and kind, and it was easier to him to be ruled than to rule, provided he knew nothing about it. This was why the gentle Celandine could not retain the love which Daniel Hine's energetic daughter won and was never likely to lose.
Mrs. Rochdale said to me, when for some weeks she had observed narrowly the ways of her son's household, "I think he is not unhappy. It might have been worse."
Thenceforward the gentry around Thorpe were shocked and "really quite amazed" every week of their lives. First, that poor Mr. Rochdale, looking very ill, but thoroughly content, was seen driving out with his mother by his side, and his wife, in her most objectionable and tasteless bonnet, sitting opposite. Second, that the two ladies, elder and younger, were several times seen driving out together—only they two, alone! Thorpe could scarcely believe this, even on the evidence of its own eyes. Thirdly, that on Christmas Day Mrs. Rochdale was observed in her old place in the manor-house pew; and when her son and his wife came in, she actually smiled!
After that every body gave up the relenting mother-in-law as a lost woman!
Three months slipped away. It was the season when most of our county families were in town. When they gradually returned, the astounding truth was revealed concerning Mrs. Rochdale and her son. Some were greatly scandalized, some pitied the weakness of mothers, but thought that as she was now growing old, forgiveness was excusable.
"But of course she can never expect us to visit Mrs. Lemuel!"
"I am afraid not," was the rector's wife's mild remark. "Mrs. Rochdale is unlike most ladies; she is not only a gentlewoman, but a Christian."
Yet it was observable that the tide of feeling against the squire's "low" wife ebbed day by day. First, some kindly stranger noticed publicly that she was "extremely good-looking;" to confirm which, by some lucky chance, poor Nancy grew much thinner, probably with the daily walks to and from Mrs. Rochdale's residence. Wild reports flew abroad that the squire's mother, without doubt one of the most accomplished and well-read women of her generation, was actually engaged in "improving the mind of her daughter-in-law!"
That some strong influence was at work became evident in the daily change creeping over Mrs. Lemuel. Her manners grew quieter, gentler; her voice took a softer tone; even her attire, down, or rather up, to the much-abused bonnets, was subdued to colors suitable for her large and showy person. One day a second stranger actually asked "who was that *distinguee* looking woman?" and was coughed down. But the effect of the comment remained.
Gradually the point at issue slightly changed, and the question became:
"I wonder whether Mrs. Rochdale expects us to visit Mrs. Lemuel?"
But Mrs. Rochdale, though of course she knew all about it,—for every body knew every thing in our village,—never vouchsafed the slightest hint one way or other as to her expectations.

Entering there—she did not enter alone; on her arm was a lady, about thirty; large and handsome in figure; plainly, but most becomingly attired; a lady to whose manners or appearance none could have taken the slightest exception, and on whom any stranger's most likely comment would have been—"What a fine-looking woman! but so quiet!"
This lady Mrs. Rochdale at once presented to the guests, with a simple, unimpressive quietness, which was the most impressive effect she could have made—
"My daughter, Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale."
In a week "every body" visited at the manor-house.
Perhaps I ought to end this history by describing the elder and younger Mrs. Rochdale as henceforward united in the closest sympathy and tenderest affection. It was not so; it would have been unnatural, nay, impossible. The difference of education, habits, character, was too great ever to be wholly removed. But the mother and daughter-in-law maintain a sociable intercourse, even a certain amount of kindly regard, based on one safe point of union, where the strongest attachment of both converges and mingles. Perhaps, as those blessed with superabundance of faithful love often end by desiring it, Mrs. Rochdale may grow worthy, not only of his wife, but of his mother, in time.
Mrs. Rochdale is quite an old lady now. You rarely meet her beyond the lane where her small house stands; which she occupies still, and obstinately refuses to leave. But, meeting her, you could not help turning back for another glance at her slow, stately walk, and her ineffably beautiful smile. A smile which, to a certainty, would rest on the gentleman upon whose arm she always leans, and whose horse is seen daily at her gate, with a persistency equal to that of a young man going a-courting. For people say in our village that the squire, with all his known affection for his good wife, is as attentive as any lover to his beloved old mother, who has been such a devoted mother to him.
One want exists at the manor-house—there are no children. For some things this is as well; and yet I know not. However, so it is; and since it is, it must be right to be. When this generation dies out, probably the next will altogether have forgotten the fact that the last Mr. Rochdale made what society ignominiously terms "A Low Marriage."

A PEEP INTO THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England must be seen on the inside as well as out, and to get into the interior of this remarkable building, to observe the operations of an institution that exerts more moral and political power than any sovereign in Europe, you must have an order from the Governor of the Bank. The building occupies an irregular area of eight acres of ground—an edifice of no architectural beauty, with not one window toward the street, being lighted altogether from the roof of the enclosed areas.
I was led, on presenting my card of admission, into a private room, where, after a delay of a few moments, a messenger came and conducted me through the mighty and mysterious building. Down we went into a room where the notes of the Bank received the day before were now examined, compared with the entries in the books, and stored away. The Bank of England never issues the same note a second time. It receives, in the ordinary course of business, about £800,000, or \$4,000,000, daily in notes; these are put up into parcels according to their denomination, boxed up with the date of their reception, and are kept ten years; at the expiration of which period they are taken out and ground up in the mill which I saw running, and made again into paper. If, in the course of those ten years, any dispute in business, or law suit, should arise concerning the payment of any note, the Bank can produce the identical bill.
To meet the demand for notes so constantly used, the Bank has its own papermakers, its own printers, its own engravers, all at work under the same roof, and it even makes the machinery by which the most of its own work is done. A complicated but beautiful operation is a register, extending from the printing office to the banking offices, which marks every sheet of paper that is struck off from the press, so that the printers cannot manufacture a single sheet of blank notes that is not recorded in the bank.
On the same principle of exactness, a shaft is made to pass from one apartment to another, connecting a clock in sixteen business wings of the establishment, and regulating them with such precision that the whole of them are always pointing to the same second of time. In another room was a machine, exceedingly simple, for detecting light gold coins. A row of them dropped one by one upon a spring scale. If the piece of gold was of the standard weight, the scale rose to a certain height, and the coin slid off upon the side of the box; if less than the standard, it rose a little higher and the coin slid off upon the other side. I asked the weigher what was the average number of light coins that came into his hands, and, strangely enough, he said it was a question he was not allowed to answer!
The next room I entered was that in which the notes are deposited which are ready for issue. "We have thirty-two millions of pounds sterling in this room," the officer remarked to me; "will you take a little of it?" I told him it would be vastly agreeable, and he handed me a million sterling (five millions of dollars), which I received with many thanks for his liberality, but he insisted on my depositing it with him again, as it would be hardly safe to carry so much money into the street. I very much fear that I shall never see that money again. In the vault beneath the door was a director and the cashier counting the bags of gold, which men were pitching down to them, each bag containing a thousand pounds sterling, just from the mint. This world of money seemed to realise the fables of Eastern wealth, and gave me new and strong impressions of the magnitude of the business done here, and the extent of the relations of this one institution to the commerce of the world.
THE RUSSIAN BED-BUGS.—According to his story, he purchased a certain powder, which was sovereign in such cases, with which he nightly drew a line of circumscription round his bed, and for two nights had a mischievous pleasure in watching the enemy coming up in platoons to the edge of the magic circle, but retiring precipitately the moment they smelt the deadly drug. On the third, however, what was his horror to see one little Cosack, more agile or more sagacious than the rest, clear his vaulted entrenchment at a bound, when, lo! the "whole camp, pioneers and all," followed, and our friend had nothing left to do but gather his blanket about his head, after the manner of Caesar, and submit with resignation to his fate.—*Murphy's Russia.*

SHOWERS OF FISH.

On the night of the 19th and 20th of June, 1858, when the summit of a volcano north of Chimborazo, on the Andes, fell in, the surrounding country, to an extent of forty-three square miles, was found strewn with fish; a similar event having occurred seven years before, after the explosion of the volcano of Imbabura. In 1666, a grass-field, in the parish of Stanstead, near Maidstone, in Kent, was found covered over with fish, of which about a bushel were collected. There are no rivers or fish-ponds in the neighborhood, and the place is distant from the sea. The fish were about the size of a man's little finger, were like sprats or whittings, and were supposed to have fallen from a black cloud then passing over the country, there having been a heavy fall of rain at the time. In 1825, a shower of herrings is said to have taken place near Loch Leven, in Kinross-shire; the wind blew from the North at the time, and probably carried the fish from the sea across Fife to the place where they were found. In 1828 a similar fall of fish occurred in Ross-shire, three miles from the Firth of Tain. On the 9th of March, 1830, numbers of small herrings were found scattered over the fields in the island of Ulva, in Argyleshire, after a heavy rain. On the 30th of June, 1841, a fish measuring ten inches in length, with others of a smaller size, fell at Boston (Eng.); and during a thunder-storm, on the 8th of July, in the same year, fish and ice fell together at Derby. A similar occurrence once happened in the neighborhood of Paris, when, after a violent storm over night, the streets were at dawn covered with fish. It was found that a fish-pond in the neighborhood had been blown dry. About 1830, fish fell near Dunkeld, in Perthshire; and the same thing happened some way from Logierait, on the Tay, where numbers of parr, about two inches long, were picked up on an elevated spot, distant from any lake or river.—The falls of fish recorded as having occurred in India, have been more frequent and remarkable than those made mention of at home. Major Horriot, in his "Struggles through Life," speaks of a shower of fish as having been experienced during a storm in the Madras presidency by the troops on their march. In July, 1824, fish fell at Meerut, on the men of His Majesty's 14th, though at drill, and were caught in numbers. In July, 1826, live fish were seen to fall on the grass, at Moradabad, during a storm.—They were of the common cyprinids, so prevalent in our Indian waters. On the 19th of February, 1830, at noon, a heavy fall of fish occurred at the Nokulhaty Factory, in the Decca sillah; depositions on the subject were obtained from nine different parties. The fish were all dead; most of them were large; some were fresh, others rotten and mutilated. They were seen at first in the sky, like a flock of birds descending rapidly to the ground. There was rain drizzling at the time, but no storm. On the 16th and 17th of May, 1833, a fall of fish occurred in the sillah of Futtehpore, about three miles north of the Jumna, after a violent storm of wind and rain. The fish were from three pounds to a pound and a half in weight—of the same species as those found in the tanks in the neighborhood. They were all dead and dry. A fall of fish occurred at Allahabad, during a storm, in May, 1833; they were of the chowla species; and were found dead and dry after the storm had passed over the district. On the 20th of September, 1839, after a smart shower of rain, a quantity of live fish, about three inches in length, and all of the same kind, fell on the Sunderbunds, about twenty miles south of Calcutta. On this occasion it was remarked that the fish did not fall here and there irregularly over the ground, but in a continuous straight line, not more than a span in breadth. The vast multitudes of fish with which the low grounds round Bombay are covered, about a week or ten days after the first burst of the monsoon, appear to be derived from the adjoining pools or rivulets, and not to descend from the sky. They are not, as far as I know, found in the higher parts of the island. I have never seen them, though I have watched carefully in casks for collecting water from the roofs of buildings, or heard of them on the decks or awnings of vessels in the harbor, where they must have appeared, had they descended from the sky. One of the most remarkable phenomena of this kind occurred during a tremendous deluge of rain, in Kattywar, on the 26th of July, 1850, when the ground around Rajkot was found literally covered with fish; some of them were found on the top of haystacks, where probably they had been drifted by the storm. In the course of twenty-four successive hours, twenty-seven inches of rain fell; thirty-five fell in twenty-six hours; seven inches within one hour and a half being the heaviest fall on record. At Poonah, on the 3d of August, 1852, after a very heavy fall of rain multitudes of fish were caught on the ground in the cantonments, full half a mile from the nearest stream. If showers of fish are to be explained on the assumption that they are carried up by squalls or violent winds, from rivers or spaces of water not far away from where they fall, it would be nothing wonderful were they seen to descend from the air during the furious squalls which occasionally occur in June.—*Doctor Beist, in Bombay Times.*
THE ORIGIN OF PANTALOONS.—This tight fitting garment was once part of the official costume of the great standard-bearer of the Venetian Republic. He carried on his banner the lion of St. Mark, and he was the *Pantaloon*, or Planter of the Lion, around whose glorious flag and tightly encased legs the battle ever raged with greatest fury, and where victory was most hotly contended for. The parti-colored legs of the tall Pantaloon were the rallying points of the Venetians. Where his thighs were upright, the banner was sure to be floating in defiance or triumph over them; and Venice may be said to have stood upon the legs of her Pantaloon. He who once saved States was subsequently represented as the most thoroughly battered imbecile of a pantaloon. But therein was a political revenge. Harlequin, Clown, and Columbine, represented different States of Italy, whose delight it was to pilory Venice by beating her nightly under the guise of the old buffoon, "Signor Pantaloon." The dress has survived the memory of this fact, though the dress, too, is almost obsolete.—*Habits and Men.*
HOW TO FRIGHTEN DOGS.—With reference to the device adopted by Ulysses to frighten the dogs of Ithaca, and which is said to be still in use in Greece and Albania, I may state that I have seen a Malay at Singapore squat down with his back towards a strange dog, and look at him from between his legs. In this instance the experiment proved successful, as the brute scampered off in a fright, looking back now and then to see what sort of a monster it was which carried his head in that unwonted place. But I have heard that once a Malay, playing the trick before an English bull-dog, was seized hold of in that part of him which was presented conspicuously to "bully."—*Notes and Queries.*

Wit and Humor.

A PAIR OF PHILOSOPHERS.

On a pile of planks at the foot of Walnut street, sat two gentlemen in elegant dishabille, not quite adapted to the season, consisting of thin, frock coats, and inexpressible too well ventilated. The shirt of one appeared to have been washed about the same time that the pantaloons of the other were made; but the precise date of either circumstance might be questioned by the antiquaries. Their names, as their conversation showed, were John and Jake.

John—I guess camping out to-night won't be quite as pleasant as I had of it once, when I held an office under Government at Washington in time of Fillmore's administration.

Jake—Never heard of that, Johnny. What office did you hold.

John—I was appointed to stoke a steam engine at the Navy Yard. I slept every night all winter with my back right against the boiler—said that was as snug a berth as any feller could roost in.

Jake—But how did it work in summer.

John—Why, you see, I just perched myself on board where the waste water run out, and the steam poured over my legs all the time I was asleep, and kept me cool and comfortable. It was delicious, I tell you.

Jake—Ah! them steam engines is a luminiferous idea! They was invented at the right nick of time, when everybody begun to say that hands wasn't made to work with. People hates work more and more every day, and if it wasn't for steam happytratus, we couldn't git the work done so how.

John—We might git along pretty well, if we was allowed to keep niggers—as they do down South.

Jake—Yes; but steam is better than niggers, 'cause it works on as long as you feed it up; but the more you feed a nigger, the lazier he gets.

John—(after a reflective pause)—Everything is a goin' to be done by ingines, very soon—see if it don't.

Jake—I wish somebody would invent one as would smash them little genius as is a gawkin' at my back—so I do. Why can't there be some kind of patent labor saving contrivance to scratch a feller all over without putting him to the trouble of raking himself with his finger-nails, or rubbing his back against a lamp-post or the corner of a house? It might jest as easy be done as cotton spinning, or newspaper printing, or any of them other steam happytratus as sin't of much use to nobody. I tell you what, I've a notion of trying—

Just as the last word was pronounced, a Yandall of a watchman hooked a fore-finger in the collar of Jake's coat, simultaneously grasping John's ragged neckcloth. By this means the dialogue was broken off, and the experiment which Jake intends to try, will probably have to be performed in the vagrant department of Moyamensing Prison.—*Sunday Mercury.*

ONE OF THE LATE.—The other day, going down the Hudson River, we were exceedingly amused with a half-seas-over individual, who was trying to "play sober." He would fix his lack-lustre eyes upon you, purse up his mouth, the corners of which were stained with sugar-juice; stand up so straight that he leaned over the other way; and away backward and forward like a loose "liberty-pole" in a gale of wind. He had a "long nine" cigar between his teeth, the upper end of which was crushed into the semblance of a tobacco-quid. It had holes in it, evidently; for in smoking it he played upon it as HAMLET played upon the pipe; he "governed the ventages," gave it breath with his mouth, and it disgorged most execrable fumes. He spat upon it; rolled, unrolled, and re-rolled the wrappers to it; and patched it with pieces of dirty newspaper. While thus engaged, a white-neckcloth'd clergyman came forward to look after his carpet-bag.

"Hillo!" ejaculated the inebriate, "that is Domine D——! He's a smart man, but he don't 'Morning', Domine D——; goin' down-t-New-York!"

"Yes—that is my purpose," answered the minister, with dignity.

"Good! so be it—and glad to get good company. I say, look o' here, Domine!—heerd you last Sunday, you preach pooty good—got a good voice, and your words is smooth as 'lie; but you don't understand the Scriptures. Now I've read the Scriptures, and I know what they be. I read 'em twice, when I was a boy, and once since. I tell you what 'tis, Domine, it takes a boss to understand the Scriptures!"

The clergyman relinquished his search for the travelling-bag, and suddenly retreated to the cabin.—*Knickerbocker.*

THE FIVE TAT.—The following notes passed between two of our "bellies":

DEAR ANNA.—Please send me the collar you wore at Mrs. P——'s last night, as I wish to get one like it.

ELLEN B——.

DEAR ELLEN.—I make it a rule never to let any of my apparel go out of the house, unless worn by myself.

ANNA G——.

P.S.—If you will come around to the house, you may look at the collar as long as you please.

In a few days afterward, Miss Anna had a want of her own, and expressed it to Ellen as follows:—

DEAR ELLEN.—I have an engagement to take a ride on horseback this evening; will you lend me your saddle?

ANNA G——.

DEAR ANNA.—I make it a rule never to let my saddle go out of the house, unless used by myself.

ELLEN B——.

P.S.—If you will come around to the house, you may ride the saddle as long as you please in the house.—*N. Y. Paper.*

VERY CUTE.—A lady-friend says:—"A little cousin of ours, quite unwilling to go to bed, as her mother thought was the rule for all sleeping children, was one night persuaded to say 'Good-night' to the circle, and to go quietly with her to her room. Not a token of resistance was made; and after Lulu was laid in her little bed, her mother bade her 'Good-night,' and was leaving the room; 'Say 'Good morning, Lulu,' mamma," said the little one. 'Good morning, Lulu.' 'Then let me get up, if it is morning,' was the cunning reply."—*Knickerbocker.*

By the statue of George II., c. 37, it was made felony, without benefit of clergy, to destroy an ash. Dr. Ash, a great wit, and a faithful friend of Swift, was once wet through with rain, and upon going into an inn asked the waiter to take off his coat for him; upon which the waiter started, and said he would not, for it was felony to strip an ash. Dr. Ash used to say he would have given £50 to be the author of that pun.

A NEW REMEDY.

The Cincinnati Commercial says:—A German who resides in Mill Creek township while recently suffering from a pulmonary attack, sent for a physician who resides on College Hill. In a short time the doctor called on him, prescribed two t'bles of cod liver oil, and receiving his fee of eight dollars, was told by the German, who disliked the size of the bill, that he need not come again. The German, who, by-the-by had not heard the doctor's prescription very well, supposed he could get the oil and treat himself. The doctor saw no more of his patient for some time, but one day riding past the residence of the German, he was pleased to see him out in the garden digging lustily. The case seemed such a proof of the virtues of cod liver oil that he stopped to make more particular inquiries about it.

"You seem to be getting very well," said he, addressing the German.

"Yaw, I ish well," responded the formerly sick man.

"You took as much oil as I told you?" queried the doctor.

"Oh, yaw, I have used more as four gallons of de dog liver oil."

"The what?" said the astonished doctor.

"De dog liver oil dat you say I shall take. I have killed most every fat little dog I could catch, and de dog liver oil have cure. It is great medicine dat dog liver oil."

The doctor had nothing to say, but rode quickly away, and noticed in his memorandum book that consumption might be as readily cured with dog liver as cod liver oil.

SWALLOWING THE EVIDENCE.—William Watson, shrewd looking urchin, ten years of age, was charged with attempting to utter a very bad sixpence. The boy, it appeared, made application for half an ounce of tobacco, at a small tradesman's shop, in the neighborhood, which he said was for his father, and in payment, quietly put down what, at first glance, appeared to be a sixpenny piece. It was instantly after detected as bad, but the youngster innocently observed:—

"You can tell it better by the ring, sir;" and the shopman remarking:—"There can be no ring in that," dashed it on the counter, from whence it was instantly snatched, rapidly passed by the prisoner to his mouth, and it was gone.

Magistrate: "What! he swallowed it?"

Officer: "Oh, yes, sir; but he thinks nothing of any quantity that size."

Boy: "Why, you're a story! I was a bit'n' it, sir, to see if it were good, and it slipped down my throat; but I'll never bite another!"

Magistrate: "What's the evidence, then?"—the coin has gone."

Prisoner (eagerly): "Yes, sir, and I knows it was good: I never swallows anything as is bad!" (laughed.)

Clerk: "Why, sir, the fact is he has swallowed the evidence."

Magistrate: "Boy, you told me you only had a mother-in-law, and you said the tobacco was for your father?"

Urchin: "Did I? Oh, yes, mother told me to say that, and I always does what he tells me."—*London Paper.*

A BAD COLD.—Almost everybody has a bad cold about now, Smith and Jones among the rest. A street-corner dialogue between them, sounded something like this:

Smith—How d'ye do, Jones?

Jones—Pretty well, ody I have a bad code. How are you, Smith?

Smith—I have snubbing of a code too, but its getsa well agin'.

Jones—What bedicil did you take?

Smith—I snuffed up laudabul abwater. Do you take anythin'?

Jones—Do, I just grid ab bear it.

A DARKEY SET TO WORK to cut down a very tough tree, but his axe flew back for some time, with but little effect. A storm occurred meantime, and a crashing shaft of lightning shattered a huge oak to splinters near him. "Bress de Lord!" exclaimed Sambo, "dat well done. 'Pose you try dis one nex—guess you got your match, massa!"

A SERVANT GIRL'S REMEDY.—A gentleman observing a servant girl, who was left-handed, placing the knives and forks on the dinner-table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left-handed. "Oh, indeed!" said she, "so I have! Be pleased, sir, to help me to turn the table round!"

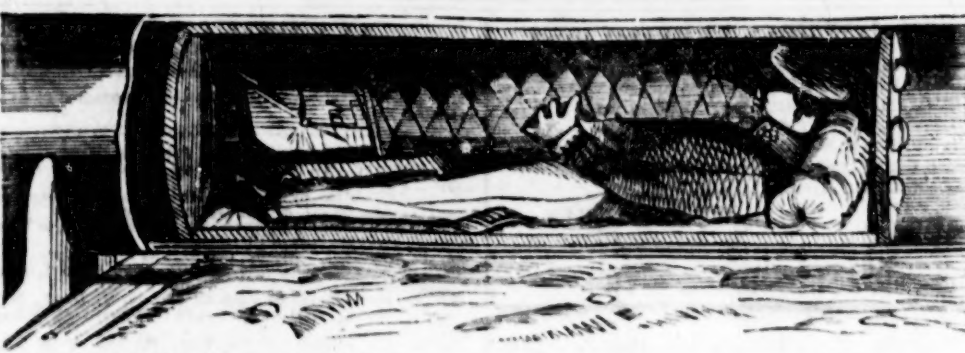
GENERAL OBSERVATIONS OF FASHION AND DRESS.

Among the costumes prepared for children within the last week, we may notice one for a little boy between four and five years of age. It consists of a tunic of purple velvet, trimmed up the front with rows of purple braid, black figured with purple, the rows placed one above the other in the *echelle* manner. The shirt collar and sleeves of cambric, ornamented with needlework. The white trousers are full, and confined below the knee by a band of needlework, to which is attached a full frill having a deep vandyked edge. Plaided hose, and boots of dark blue cashmere, with tips of black glazed leather.

A dress of dark blue poplin has been made for a little girl of seven. The corsage is high, and has a basque. The skirt is only long enough to descend a little below the knee, and it is ornamented at regular intervals with six perpendicular rows of trimming, consisting of narrow black velvet set on in a lozenge pattern. The basque has the same trimming set on in perpendicular rows, and one row of the same passes up the front of the corsage. The sleeves are demi-wide, and terminate just below the elbow with a *revers* trimmed in the same style as the rest of the dress. Trowsers of worked muslin; collar and undersleeves of the same; the under-sleeves being fastened on a band at the wrists. Boots of gray cashmere with black morocco tips.

Lace is at present so highly fashionable, that there are few articles of dress in which a trimming of this beautiful fabric is not admissible. Caps formed of a combination of black and white lace still obtain favor; and black lace may be said to be almost universally employed in trimming bonnets. Among the novelties in lace which have been introduced for the season, may be mentioned tuncies of Alencon, Honiton, and Chantilly. A deep flounce of the same lace falls over the lower part of the skirt of the dress, and the tunic covers the upper part. The tunic is looped up by a large bouquet of flowers, and the flounce should be headed by a small, light cord of the same.

One of the most admired of the new evening dresses is of amber-color silk. It is made with a double skirt; the corsage in folds, and the short sleeves rather full. With this dress a wreath of marigolds, with garnet centres, is to be worn in the hair.—*Lady's London Newspaper of Dec. 6th.*



ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY TRAVELLING, FIRST CLASS PASSENGER.

Agricultural.

HOT BED FRAMES—GET THEM READY.

There are some luxuries which every farmer ought to enjoy, and which they can if they will. During a visit to Ypsilanti last spring Mrs. John Starkweather showed us a hotbed and frame which she had managed herself, and derived a great deal of satisfaction from its productions, and her experience was such that we think others may well try it, getting their minor "half's" to prepare the bed and make the frame. The frame itself was made of common inch stuff nailed together, the long way being about ten feet, and the width about four or five feet. This frame was not covered with glass, but, instead, the sash was a rough frame, on which was stretched common coarse cotton cloth. During the coldest weather and at night this had a further protection of old matting or carpet. Under such a frame were grown radishes, lettuce, onions, and young cabbage plants. Tomato plants, cucumbers, and melons were started so that they were fit for use at least a month or six weeks before those grown in the open ground.

The making of a hotbed is a simple operation, which need not take any one over half a day, at a time when other work is light, and there is plenty of leisure; and when there are young people in the family, it is an employment which may be made useful, instructive and agreeable, as we hope to prove by-and-by. We refer to it at this time, merely because during this month the frames may be prepared, and where glass cannot readily be had, the sashes may be made at home, by any one that is handy with the commonest tools. The outside should be of stout two-inch stuff, and three inches in width. These frames should be long enough to reach from back to front of the large box frame that is placed upon the hotbed, and three feet in width. Three of them will cover a bed ten feet long, and four will cover a bed of thirteen feet in length. If the bed is six feet across, a strong cross bar should be sunk into the sides like the cross bar of a sash, and from this cross bar strips may be made to reach to either end. The frame is then ready for the cloth covering, and the following preparation will be found an excellent substitute for glass.

Take good white cotton cloth, of a thick, close texture, and stretch it on these frames. Two yards of yard wide stuff will cover each, and that is why they should be made three feet in width. It may be fastened on with common carpet tacks. This done, give the cloth two or three coats of paint made as follows: Take two ounces of lime water, four ounces of linseed oil, and mix them well in any vessel in which they may be heated gently over a slow fire; then take the whites of two eggs and the yolks of three, and mix them with the cooled lime water and oil. This varnish or paint may then be spread over the cotton cloth, with a paint brush. It will be found that three coats will render the cloth perfectly water proof. Each coat should be allowed to dry thoroughly before the next is applied. This preparation is greatly used in Germany, and it is found superior to glass in some respects. In the first place it is much cheaper; text, it is less liable to injury, and repairs can easily be made; and again, the frames are light to handle, being of such a weight that a girl of ten years old can readily lift them off and on. But still another advantage is, that under these coverings plants grow more healthily than under glass, not being so liable to be scorched, or made to spindly by the heat and light from the sun; and the moisture sent up by the bottom heat is more readily retained in the bed, this covering affording enough light, but light combined with shade, a matter of some importance, as every gardener well knows how watchful he must be of the tender young plants, to give them protection from the strong sun light, as well as from the intense cold.

The work of getting ready such frames may be done during this month or the early part of next, and preparations may be made for beds 6 feet in width, and 6, 9 or 12 feet in length, or of such size as may be thought most convenient.

The box for the frame may be made 3 or 3½ feet high at the back, and two to two and a half feet in front; its other dimensions will be governed by the design of the maker. Some gardeners make these boxes of much less depth, but we like a good depth of soil, and plenty of breathing room for the plants, and this will be afforded by the size we have named.—*Michigan Farmer.*

WATERING TROUGHS.—Mr. J. B. Turner of Illinois, in a communication to the *Prairie Farmer*, recommends large iron kettles for watering troughs. He says he has used some years for that purpose, and considers no "other trough fit for watering cattle." He also recommends small kettles of a spider or skillet form, to be set round to feed or water a standing horse, or an occasional pig or cow. There is decided point in the close of Mr. P.'s recommendation, wherein he says that "If farmers would purchase a few of these kettles of different sizes for such uses, to stand about the place, they would find them the cheapest utensils, in the long run, they could obtain, and it would save them the trouble of running all over the neighborhood to borrow, every time they killed hogs or made soap."

VENTILATING HAY STACKS.—British farmers have a method of ventilating their hay, oat and barley stacks, which we may frequently adopt with advantage; and in stacking cornstalks it would always be beneficial. They fill a bag, say 3½ feet high and 20 inches in diameter, with straw, and place it vertically in the centre of the stack, putting the barley, oats, or hay, whichever it may happen to be, round it. As the stack rises they lift the sack; and so on to the top. In this way there is a chimney formed in the centre of the stack of hay, into which the steam or gases generated find their way and escape readily.

HEAVEN IN HORSES.—To feed no hay, but plenty of bright, whole (or uncut) straw, with all the oats they would eat, (the latter soaked in cold water three or four hours,) with a pint of oil meal (flaxseed) daily. On this feed they have worked well, and were troubled but little with the disease.

LOOK OUT FOR MICE, &c.

Last winter great mischief was done to fruit trees by mice and moles. The snow was deep and lasting, and millions of the vermin would have starved were it not for trees and shrubbery which appeared above the snow. In the swamps the young bushes were girdled to an immense extent—young maples, willows, and almost every kind of young wood was barked to sustain this brood of animals through a hard winter.

For many years we have not known such extensive attacks on young fruit trees, and it becomes us to repeat what we have before published in regard to the attacks of mice. In common winters if attention is given to beat down the first snows that come so as to make a hard bottom around the trunks the mice are not apt to do much mischief. But in such a winter as the last they would not be driven away by such a process. They were so cornered that they mounted on the tops of the snow banks to avoid starvation, and lived on bark of all kinds within their reach.

In such a winter as the last it will be prudent to look to fruit trees repeatedly and watch the vermin. Trees standing near stone walls are most exposed, and much attention must be paid to them in most cases where mice are permitted to range the fields and barns without a hunter. Cats are about as useful on some farms as some other stock, and when a suitable number of cats are kept there will be but little danger of mischief from mice.

But in all cases it is prudent to rake away all kinds of litter from the surface around the trees, or to bury it up with loam, gravel, or other earthy matter. We advise to throw up a little bank around each young tree—for this will not only keep the mice away but it will keep the trunk steady and erect till the proper time comes to level the mound and leave the soil more light than if nothing had been done.

The expense of throwing up a mound twelve inches high about the trunk of each tree just before winter is very trifling. By this all the litter suitable for mice nests is buried, and the tree is better supported than it could be by any stake that could be set.

But it is now too late to dig about trees, and the course to be pursued is to watch and beat down the snow till mid winter, when there will be but little danger.

On our own farm the cats kill more mice than chickens, and we find it profitable to keep them lest we should be overrun with unprofitable stock. In our young orchard of two hundred and thirty trees not a piece of bark was gnawed last year though twenty of the trees stood quite near an old stone wall. The orchard was tiled and no litter was left on the surface for mice to build their nests in.

We see different modes recommended to protect young trees in winter—such as smearing the trees with washes of an offensive flavor—or coating them with tin, or birch bark. But there will be no need of such trouble or cost, for a bank of earth will prove quite as useful as a tin or lead sheathing—and the cost not half a cent for a tree.

—*Mass. Ploughman.*

PRESERVATION OF MANURES.

Exact practice has clearly settled the following facts, viz.:—That manures should never be exposed to the sun and air, as in an open barn-yard. That they should be kept under cover, and the heap so arranged with a cistern at its lowest end, supplied with a pump, that the fluid drainage may be pumped back on the heap twice each week, or oftener if required, to prevent fire-fungus.

That the fluid manures should be led from the stables through inclosed gutters to the drainage cistern, and when the heat is so dry as not to supply the necessary amount of draining to keep it thoroughly wetted, that water should be added to make up this deficiency.

That when manure is giving off its odor, the owner has a hole in his pocket.

That manures are most retentive of ammonia when thoroughly moist throughout, and if any escape of ammonia is then perceptible, that a small quantity of sulphuric acid added to the drainage of the heap then pumped back, so as to diffuse itself through the mass, will effectually prevent such loss.

That manures should never be carted to the field until the farmer is ready to spread and plough them under.

That heaps of manure exposed to the sun and air in the field are continually losing ammonia, and during high winds this is carried away despite the power of colder portions to retain it.

That during winter rains, when the ground is frozen, the washing of the manure cannot be received by the soil, and thus the volatile portions are carried off by the agency of the sun and air.

That the fluid manure of three animals is worth as much as the solid manure of four.

That the value of barn-yard manures are materially increased by being composted with charcoal dust, swamp mud, pond and river bottom, head-lands, etc., before their fermentation.—*Working Farmer.*

REMOVING EVERGREENS.—There is no season for removing evergreens in the ordinary way like that when the buds are just swelling and the roots pushing out new fibres. There are fifty different opinions about the best time to plant evergreens. The above may be taken as ours, and it is not given without plenty of trials of other modes. We except, of course, moving the trees with a large frozen ball during winter—but one which is only occasionally practiced. Those who can get their trees with a ball of earth attached, during this winter should not put off so very beneficial an undertaking.—*Prairie Farmer.*

TRUE PLEASURE.—The unregulated gratification of the lower propensities, is short-lived, and unsatisfactory; and when the impulse of excitement is over, the moral sentiments condemn the conduct, so that no agreeable emotion arises from reflection on the past. The indulgence of these, on the other hand, under the guidance of the moral sentiments, is pleasing at the time, and not painful on retrospection; while the direct exercise of the higher sentiments themselves and intellect affords the highest present delight, and the most lasting satisfaction in futurity.—*George Combe.*

BLOOD THAT WILL NOT WASH OUT.—All arguments on this subject, *pro* and *con*, are not worth a rush, which are founded on the supposed fact that the stain on the floor of the small dark chamber in Holyrood Palace is caused by the blood of David Rizzio. The thing was always treated as a hoax by Sir Walter Scott; and he makes it the foundation of a very pleasant little anecdote, in the introductory chapter to the Second Series of "The Chronicles of the Canongate." Chambers, too, and there can scarcely be a higher authority on such a point as this, asserts that the statement is a traditional absurdity; since the boards are comparatively modern, the floor which is now in existence not having been laid down till long after the murder of Rizzio. The old floor was worn out; the present floor supplies its place. How the stain was made I know not. I do not, for a moment, believe it was caused by the blood of a human being; perhaps by the blood of a pig or a bullock, very likely not by blood at all. The show-apartments at Holyrood are a perfect museum of spurious relics. Not long ago (perhaps it is the case to this day) a set of armor was exhibited as having been used by Henry Darnley, which it is a physical impossibility he ever could have worn. But worse than this: there was a block of marble which was stated to have been the seat on which Mary Queen of Scots sat at her coronation, an event, by the way, which took place at Stirling, when Mary was only between eight and nine months old: this same block having been originally introduced into the kitchen in Hamilton Palace by a French cook for the purpose of kneading his pastry on it; from which place it was subsequently ejected as being too cumbersome, and was then transported to Holyrood, when it was at once unobtrusively dubbed "the coronation stone of Queen Mary." On the general question: I do not believe that stains made by human blood will not wash out solely and expressly because they are made by human blood. Spill the blood of a man or a pig on soft wood, or porous stone, and in a very few hours it will sink so deeply in, that nothing but a plane or a chisel can eradicate the stain; but spill the blood on close-grained wood or hard stone, and even if it is allowed to remain there for some time, the stain will wash clean out at once, whether it is caused by the blood of a man or a pig.—*Notes and Queries.*

A CONSTITUTIONAL OBJECTION.—Francis the Second of Austria did not like constitutions. Baron Stiff, his physician, once said to him: "This cough of your Majesty does not alarm me—your Majesty has a good constitution."

"What do you say?" cried the Emperor.—"We have known each other very long, Stiff, but never let me hear that word again; say robust health, or, if you like, a strong bodily system; but there is no such thing as a good constitution. I have no constitution, and will never have one."

THE WINDS.—The following table shows the frequency of the various winds in different countries. The numbers in each column denote the number of days of each wind in every thousand days:—

	N.	N.E.	E.	S.E.	S.	S.W.	W.	N.W.
England	82	111	99	81	111	93	171	130
France	136	140	84	76	117	192	153	110
Germany	84	98	119	87	97	185	198	131
Denmark	63	98	100	129	92	109	199	126
Sweden	102	104	80	110	128	101	159	106
Russia	99	106	81	120	106	143	168	102
N. America	96	116	49	108	123	197	101	210

EXTENSIBILITY OF MUSLIN.—A reliable swell declares that he lately danced one evening with three young ladies, the united circumference of whose dresses amounted to a hundred yards.—*Punch.*

Useful Receipts.

MANGE IN SWINE.—John Bonner, of Hancock, Ga., communicates the following never failing remedy for mange—to wit:—"Give the pig or hog affected (according to age) from ten to twenty grains of arsenic, twice a week for three weeks, feeding him plentifully during the time, and I warrant that he will soon shed off, and become perfectly well, fat and sleek. It will also cure the worst case of mange on any dog. I speak from experience, and there is no danger of doses of that kind killing either pigs or dogs."

STONE CEMENT.—According to Dr. Heller, the following composition makes an excellent stone cement:—Glue is soaked in cold water; afterwards heated, and fresh slaked lime added, until the mixture attains the proper consistency.—This cement must be applied whilst warm. This cement acquires great hardness, equal to stone, and it is not influenced by water or moisture. When used for porcelain, glass, or metal, a small quantity of flour of sulphur must be added.

FLAXSEED LEMONADE.—To a large tablespoonful of flaxseed add a tumbler and a half of cold water. Boil them together till the liquid becomes very sticky. Then strain it hot over a quarter of a pound of pulverized gum arabic. Stir it till quite dissolved, and squeeze into it the juice of a lemon. This mixture has frequently been found an efficacious remedy for a cold; take a wine-glass of it as often as the cough is troublesome.

FROSTED FEET.—Heat a brick very hot, and hold the foot over it as closely as it can be held without burning. Cut an onion in two, and dipping it repeatedly in salt, rub it all over the foot. The juice of the onion will be dried into the foot, and effect a cure in a very short time. If this is done for a few times, it is almost certain to cure your feet entirely.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

TO CLEAN KNIVES WITH EXPEDITION AND EASE.—Make a strong solution of the common washing soda and water; after wiping them, dip the blades of the knives in the solution; then polish on a knife board. The same would, of course, be effectual for forks. This simple method will no doubt greatly diminish the dislike which some servants have to this part of domestic work.

SCARLET FEVER AND SMALL POX.—Dr. W. Fields, of Wilmington, Del., says:—"Having much experience in the cure of scarlet fever and small pox of the most malignant type, I would thank you, for the sake of humanity, to publish a recipe, which, if faithfully carried out, will cure forty five cases out of every fifty, without calling on a physician."

Scarlet Fever.—For adults give one tablespoonful of brewers' yeast in three tablespoonfuls of sweetened water, three times a day; and, if the throat is much swollen, gargle with the yeast, and apply yeast to the throat as a poultice, mixed with Indian meal. Use plenty of catnip tea, to keep the eruption out on the skin for several days.

Small Pox.—Use the above doses of yeast three times a day, and milk diet throughout the entire disease. Nearly every case can be cured, without leaving a pock mark.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 3, 11, 21, is a very unpleasant disorder.
My 2, 13, 14, 21, 22, is a southern battle-field in the Revolutionary war.
My 2, 3, 13, 14, 21, is a title common to most nations of Europe.
My 2, 14, 21, 22, 23, 19, 10, is a Scripture proper name.
My 1, 2, 3, 5, 23, 14, 20, is a large domestic fowl.
My 2, 3, 23, 24, 4, is a very